

expression in her features?"—he continued earnestly.

"Why—let me see—I have certainly observed her exhibit languor and lassitude—her cheek has been pale, and her countenance now and then saddened with anxiety. I supposed, however, there was no unusual mode of accounting for it, Sir Henry"—I added with a smile. The Baronet's face was clouded for a moment, as if with displeasure and anxiety.

"Ah!"—he replied, hastily—"I see—I understand you—but you are quite mistaken—totally so. Pray, is that the general supposition?"

"Why—I am not aware of its being expressed in so many words; but it was one that struck me immediately—as a matter of course." As I was speaking, I observed Sir Henry change colour.

"Doctor—" said he, in a low agitated voice, grasping my arm as if with involuntary energy—"We have no time to lose. One word—alas, one word—will explain all. It is horrible torture to me—but I can conceal it no longer. You must be told the truth at once. Lady Anne is—*insane*!" "He rather gasped than spoke that word. He stood suddenly still, and covered his face with his hands. He shook with agitation. Neither of us spoke for a minute or two—except that I almost unconsciously echoed the last word he had uttered. "Insane!"—Why, I can scarcely believe my ears, Sir Henry. Do you use the last word in its literal—its medical sense?"

"Yes, I do!—I mean that my wife is mad—Yes! with a mad woman you are asked to sit down to breakfast. I can assure you, Doctor—, that the anguish I have latterly endured on this horrible account has nearly driven me to the same condition! Oh God, what a dreadful life has been mine for this last year or two, as I have seen this tremendous calamity gradually befalling me!"—

"I implored him to restrain his feelings."

"Yes, you are right," said he, after a pause, in which he tried to master his emotion—"I have recovered myself. Let us repair to the breakfast-room. For Heaven's sake, appear—if you can—as though nothing had transpired between us. Make any imaginable excuse you please for coming hither. Say you were called in by me, on my account; for—for—any complaint you choose to mention. It will be for you to watch my poor Lady Anne with profound attention—but, of course, not obviously. I shall take an opportunity, as if by chance,—of leaving you alone with her. Afterwards, we will concert the steps necessary to this dreadful emergency. "By the way, you must not expect to see any thing wild or extravagant in her manner. She will not appear even eccentric; for she is very guarded before strangers. Hush!" said he, shaking and turning round palely—"did you hear; no, it was a mistake!—Alas, how nervous I am become!—I have perfect control over her; but watch her eye; her mouth—her eye!"—he shuddered; "and you will know all! Now, Doctor, for mercy's sake don't commit yourself; or me!" he whispered, as he regained the room he had quitted. He paused for a moment as if to expend a heavy sigh,—and then opening the door through which he had originally entered to receive me, ushered me into the breakfast-room. Lady Anne; beautiful creature; in a white morning dress, sat beside the silver urn, apparently reading the newspaper. She seemed surprised at seeing me, and bowed politely when Sir Henry mentioned my name, without moving from her seat. Her cheek was very pale—and there was an expression of deep anxiety; or rather apprehension; in her eye, which glanced rapidly from me to Sir Henry who could not appear calm; his cheek was flushed; his hand unsteady; his voice thick; his manner flurried.

"Are not you well, Sir Henry?" enquired his lady, looking earnestly at him.

"Never better, love!" he replied, with an effort at smiling.

"I fear I have disturbed your ladyship in reading the Morning Post," said I, interrupting an embarrassed pause.

"Oh, not at all, sir; not the least. There is nothing in it of any interest," she replied, with a faint sigh; "I was only looking over a silly account of the Duchess of —'s fête. Do you take breakfast?" addressing me.

A single cup of tea, and a slice of this tongue, are all I shall trouble your ladyship for. Talking, by the way, of fêtes," I added, carelessly, "it is whispered in the world that your ladyship had taken the veil—or—died; in short, we are all wondering what has become of your ladyship—that is, of both of you!"

"Ah!" said the Baronet, with affected eagerness, "I suppose, by the way, we come in for our share of hint and innuendo! Pray, what is the latest coinage, doctor, from the mint of scandal and title-tattle?"

Lady Anne's hand trembled as she handed me the cup of tea I asked her for—and her eye settled apprehensively on that of her husband. "Why, the general impression is, that you are playing general misanthrope, in consequence of some political pique." Sir Henry laughed feebly.

"And your Ladyship, too, turns absentee! I fear you are not in the health—the brilliant spirits—which used to charm the world."

"Indeed, Doctor, I am not! I am one of the many victims!"—

"Of ennui," interrupted the Baronet, quickly, fixing an imperative eye upon his lady, I saw with what nervous apprehension, lest she should afford even the desired corroboration of what he had told me in the garden.

"Yes, yes, ennui," she replied, timidly, adding, with a sigh, "I wonder the world remembers us so long."

"I have a note to write, Doctor," said the Baronet suddenly, treading at the same time gently on my foot, "which I intend to beg you will carry up to town for me. Will you excuse me for a few moments?" I bowed. "Lady Anne, I dare say will entertain you from the Morning Post—ha! ha?"

She smiled faintly. I observed Sir Henry's eye fixed upon her, as he shut the door, with an expression of agonizing apprehension. The reader may imagine the peculiar feelings of embarrassment with which I found myself at length alone with Lady Anne. Being ignorant of the degree or species of her mental infirmity, I felt much at a loss how to shape my conversation. As far as one could judge from appearance, she was as perfectly sane as I considered myself. I could detect no wildness of the eye—no incoherence of language—no eccentricity of deportment—nothing but an air of languor and anxiety.

"Sir Henry is looking well," said I, as he closed the door.

"Yes—he always looks well; even if he were ill, he would not look so."

"I wish I could sincerely compliment your ladyship on your looks," I continued, eying her keenly.

"Certainly—I have been better than I am at present," she replied, with a sigh—"What I have to complain of, however, is not so much bodily ailing, as lowness of spirits."

"Your ladyship is not the first on whom a sudden seclusion from society has had similar effects. Then why not return to town—at least for a season?"

"There are reasons—why I should at present prefer to continue in retirement," she replied, dropping her eyes to avoid the steadfast look with which I regarded them.

"Reasons! permit me to ask your ladyship the import of such mysterious terms?" I enquired, with

gentle earnestness, drawing my chair nearer to her, believing that the ice was at length broken.

"I am not aware, Doctor," said she coldly, "that I said anything that should be called *mysterious*."

"Pardon, pardon me, my lady! I was only anxious lest you might have any secret source of anxiety preying on your mind, and from which I might have the power of relieving you. Permit me to say, how deeply grieved I am to see your ladyship's altered looks. I need not disguise the fact that Sir Henry is exceedingly anxious on your account!"

"What! what! Sir Henry anxious—on my account!" she repeated, with an air of astonishment; "why, can it then be possible that I am the object of your present visit, Dr. —?"

I paused for a moment. Why should I conceal or deny the fact, thought I.

"Your ladyship guesses aright. Sir Henry's anxieties have brought me hither this morning. He wishes me to ascertain whether your ladyship labours under indisposition of any kind."

"And pray, Doctor," continued her ladyship, turning pale as she spoke, "what does he imagine my complaint to be? Did he mention any particular symptoms?"

"Indeed he did—lassitude—loss of appetite—lowness of spirits."

She raised her handkerchief to her eyes, which, glistering with tears, she presently directed to the window, as if she dreaded to encounter mine. Her lips quivered with emotion.

"Dear lady, for Heaven's sake be calm! Why should you distress yourself?" said I, gently placing my fingers upon her wrist, at which she started, withdrew her hand, looked me rather wildly full in the face, and bursting into tears, wept for some time in silence.

"Oh, Doctor —!" at length she sobbed, in hesitating, passionate accents—"you cannot imagine how very ill I am—*here*," placing her hand upon her heart. "I am a wretched, a miserable woman! There never lived a more unfortunate being! I shall never, never be happy again," she continued, vehemently.

"Come, come, your Ladyship must make a confident of me!—What, in Heaven's name, can be the meaning of all this emotion? No one, sure, can have used you ill? Come, tell me all about it!"

"Oh, I cannot I dare not! It is a painful secret to keep, but it would be dreadful to tell it. Have you really no idea of it? Has it not, then, been openly whispered about in the world?" she enquired eagerly, with much wildness in her manner.

Alas, poor, lady Anne! I had seen and heard enough to satisfy me that her state corroborated the fears expressed by Sir Henry, whose return at that moment, with a sealed note in his hand, put an end to our melancholy *tête-à-tête*. He cast a sudden keen glance of scrutiny at his lady and me, and then went up to her, and kissed her tenderly without speaking. What wretchedness were in his features at that moment! I saw by his manner that he desired me to rise and take my leave; and after a few words on different subjects, I rose, bowed to her ladyship, and accompanied by the baronet, withdrew.

"Well, am I right or wrong, Doctor, in my terrible suspicions?" enquired the baronet, his manner much disturbed, and trembling from head to foot, as we stood together in the large bow-window of his library. I sighed, and shook my head.

"Did she make any allusions to the present arrangement I had been obliged to adopt in the house?"

I told him the substance of what had passed between us. He sighed profoundly, and covered his eyes for a moment with his hands.

"Is her ladyship ever violent?" I enquired.

"No—*asked*—never, never! I wish she were! Any thing—any thing to dissipate the horrid monotony of

melancholy madness—but I cannot bear to talk on the subject. I can scarcely control my feelings." He turned from me and stood looking through the window, evidently overpowered with grief. For a minute or two neither of us spoke.

"The dreadful subject forces itself upon us," said he suddenly turning again towards me—"Doctor, what in Heaven's name—what is to be done in this tremendous emergency? Let our first care be to prevent disclosure. I suppose—a contemporary seclusion, I am afraid, will be necessary?" he added, in a hollow whisper, looking gloomily at me. I told him I feared such a course would be advisable, if not even necessary, and assured him that he need be under no apprehension on that score, for there were many admirable retreats for such patients as his unfortunate lady—where privacy, comfort, amusement, and steady surveillance, were combined. I told him not to depend of his lady's early restoration to society.

"Oh, Doctor!"—he groaned, clasping his hands vehemently together—"the maddening thought that my sweet, my darling wife, must be banished from my bosom—from her home—from her child—and be consigned to the innards of—of—a—!" He ceased abruptly. A wild smile shot across his features.

"Doctor," said he, lowering his tone to a faint whisper, "can I trust you with a secret? I know I am acting imprudently—unnecessarily disclosing it—but I know it will be safe with you."

I bowed, and listened in breathless wonder \* \* My flesh crept from head to foot as he went on. I had been all along the dupe of a MADMAN. His eye was fixed upon me with a devilish expression. The shock deprived me of utterance—for a while, almost of sight and hearing. I was startled back into consciousness, by a loud laugh uttered by the Baronet. He was pointing at me, with his arm and finger extended, almost touching my face, with an air of derision. The dreadful truth flashed all at once upon my mind. I could now understand the illness, the melancholy of Lady Anne—whose blanched countenance, looking through the half-opened door, caught my eye at that moment, as I happened to turn in the direction of the breakfast-room. I trembled lest the madman should also see her, and burst into violence!

\* \* I had been pondering all the while on the proper course to follow under such extraordinary circumstances, and therefore permitted him to ramble on as he pleased—"First and foremost," his countenance suddenly fell, and he cast a disturbed glance at the breakfast room door, "we must make some decisive arrangements about poor Lady Anne. She knows my secret, and it is the thoughts of it that have turned—(women you know cannot bear sudden fortune!)—but oh! such a gentle madness is hers!" He uttered this last exclamation in a tone that touched my heart to the quick; melting, moving, soul-subduing was it as some of the whispers of Kean in *Othello*! "Doctor," he commenced abruptly, after a pause, "let me consider of it for a moment—a thought suggests itself—I would not have her feelings wounded for weeks!—I'll consider of it—and presently tell you my determination." He folded his arms on his breast, and walked slowly up and down the library, as if engaged in profound contemplation, and so continued for five or ten minutes, as if he had utterly forgotten me, who stood leaning against the window-frame, watching him with unutterable feelings. What should I do? It was next to impossible for me to have another interview with Lady Anne before leaving. I thought it on the whole advisable not to alarm his suspicions by any such attempt, but to take my departure as quietly and quickly as possible; determined on reaching London to communicate immediately with Mr. Courthorpe, his brother-in-law, with whom I had some little acquaintance, and with him suggest such measures as were

necessary to secure the safety, not only of the Baronet, but his wretched lady. This resolution formed, I felt anxious to be gone. As the poor Baronet's cogitations, however, seemed far from approaching a close, I found it necessary to interrupt him.

"Well, Sir Harry," said I, moving from the window-recess, "I must leave you, for I have many engagements in town."

"Do you know, now," said he, with a puzzled air, "I positively cannot remember what it was I had to think about! How very absurd! What was it, now?" standing still, and corrugating his brows. "Oh, it was whether it would be proper for me to see Lady Anne before I left—Ah," said he, briskly, "aye, so it was—I recollect—why—see Lady Anne?—No—I think not," he replied with an abrupt, peculiar tone and manner, as if displeased with the proposal, "I will accompany you to the road, where you will find the carriage in readiness to take you back to town." He at the same time took from a pocket book in his bosom-pocket a note case, and gave me a check, by way of fee, £500!

"By the way," said he, abruptly, as arm-in-arm we walked down to the park gates, "what, after all, are we to do with Lady Anne? How strange that we should have forgotten her? Well, what step do you intend taking next?"—I sighed.

"I must turn it over carefully in my mind, before I commit myself."

"Ah Sallust!—*Priusquam incipias—consulta; sed ubi consultaeris—sed ubi consultaeris, Doctor—*"

"*Mature facts, opus est,* Sir Harry," I replied, humouring his recollection.

"Good. There never was any thing more curt and pretty." He repeated the sentence. "Well, and what will you do?"

"I cannot precisely say at present, but you may rely upon seeing me here again this evening. I hope you will conceal it from Lady Anne, however, or it may alarm her."

"Mind me, Doctor," said he abruptly, his features clouding over with a strange expression, "I—I—will have no violence used."

"Violence! my dear Sir Harry! violence! God forbid!" I exclaimed, with unaffected amazement.

Of course, Doctor, I hold you *personally*, laying a strenuous emphasis on the last word, 'I hold you *personally* responsible for whatever measures may be adopted. Here, however, is the carriage. I shall await your return with anxiety.' I shook him by the hand, and stepped in the chariot.

"Good morning—good morning, Sir Henry!" I exclaimed, as the postilions were preparing to start. He put in his head at the window, and in a hurried tone whispered,—"On second thoughts, Dr.—, I shall decline any further interference in the matter—at least to-day." He had scarcely uttered the last words, when the chariot drove off.

"Hollo! hark ye, fellow! stop! stop!" shouted the Baronet, at the top of his voice, "stop, or I'll fire!"—The postilions, who, I observed, had set off at pretty near a gallop, seemed disposed to continue it; but on hearing the last alarming words, instantaneously drew up. I looked with amazement through the window, and beheld Sir Henry hurrying towards us—fury in his features, and a pocket-pistol in his extended right hand.

"Good God, Sir Henry!" I exclaimed, terror-struck, "what can be the meaning of this extraordinary conduct?"

"A word in your ear, Doctor," he panted, coming close up to the carriage door.

"Speak, for Heaven's sake, speak, Sir Henry," said I, leaning my head towards him.

"I suspect you intend violent measures towards me, Doctor—"

"Against you! Violent measures—against *any body*?—You are dreaming, Sir Henry!"

"Ah, I see further into your designs than you imagine, Doctor—! You wish to extract my secret from me, for your own exclusive advantage. So, mark me—if you come again to—Hall, you shall not return alive—so help me—! Adieu!" He strode haughtily off, waving his hand to the terrified postilions, and we soon lost sight of the unhappy madman. I threw myself back in my seat completely bewildered. Not only my own personal safety, but that of Lady Anne was menaced. What might not frenzy prompt him to do, during my absence, and on my return?—Full of these agitating thoughts, I rejoiced to find myself thundering towardward, as fast as four horses could carry me, in obedience to the orders I had given the postilions, the instant that Sir Henry quitted us. At length we reached a steep hill, that compelled us to slacken our pace, and give breath to our panting horses. I opened the front window, and bespoke the nearest postilion.

"Boy, there! Are you in Sir Henry's service?"

"No, sir, not exactly—but we serves him as much as tho' we was, for the matter of that," he replied touching his hat.

"Were you surprised to see what occurred at starting?"

"No, sir," he replied, lowering his tone, and looking about him, as if he expected to find the Baronet at his heels. "He's done many a stranger thing nor that, sir, lately!"

"I suppose, then, you consider him not exactly in his right senses, eh?"

"It a'n't for the likes o' me to say such a thing of my betters, sir; but *this* I may make bold for to say, sir, if as how I, or any o' my fellow-servants, had done the likes o' what we've latterly seen up at the Hall there, they'd a' clapped us into jail or Bedlam long ago!"

"Indeed! Why, what has been going on?"

"You'll not tell of a poor lad like me—will you sir?"

"Oh, no—you may be sure of that—I'll keep your secret."

"Well, sir," said he, speaking more unconstrainedly turning round in his saddle full towards me, "first and foremost, he's discharged me, and Thomas here, my fellow-servants, an' we takes up at the inn, a mile or so from the Hall; likewise the coachman and the footman; likewise all the women servants—always excepting the cook, and my lady's maid—and an't *them* a few sarvants for to do all the work of that great Hall! An't that strange-like, sir?"

"Well, what else? How does Sir Henry pass his time?"

"Pass his time sir? Why, sir, we hears from cook, as how he boils candles, sir," quoth the fellow, grinning.

"Boils candles, sirrah? What do you mean? Are you in earnest?"

"Yes, sir, I be indeed! He'll boil as many as twenty in a day, in the cook's best saucepans; and then he pours the most precious brandy int; the mess—wasting good brandy—and then throws it all into a deep hole every night, that be has dug in the garden. 'Twas no later nor yesterday, sir, cook told me all—how she happened to be squinting through the key-hole, and no harm neither, sir, (axing your pardon,) when a man goes on in sich ways as them—and seed him kneel down upon the dirty hearth, before the saucepan full of candles, as they were boiling, and pray sich gibberish—like!"

"Well!" said I, with a sigh, "but what does her Ladyship all this while?"

"Oh, sir, our poor lady is worn almost, in a manner, to skin and bone. She follows him about like a ghost, and cries her eyes out; but for all that she is so gentle-like, he's woundy stann with her, and watches

her just like a cat does a mouse, as one would say! Once he locked her in her bedroom all day, and only gave her bread and water! But the strangest thing is yet to come, sir; he makes out that it's *her* that's mad! so that for a long time we all believed it was so; for, sir, it's only of late, that we began to see how the real truth of the matter stood, sir. Sir Henry was always, since we've known him, a bit queer or so, but steady in the main; and as our poor lady was always morose and melancholic like, it was natral we should give in to believe it was her that was, as one would say, melancholy mad, and so all true what Sir Henry said of her."

"Is Sir Henry ever violent?"

"Lord, sir! Mrs. Higgins, that's the cook, tells strange tales of him just lately. He bolts every door, great and small, in the Hall, with his own hands, every night, and walks about in it with a loaded blunder-buss!"

"Miss Sims," said the further position, "that's my lady's maid, told Mrs. Higgins, and she told my sister, who told me, as a secret, sir, that Sir Henry always sleeps every night with a bare drawn sword under his pillow, and a couple of loaded pistols stuck into the watch-pockets, as they call 'em, and frightens my Lady to death with his pranks!"

I could scarcely believe what they were telling me.

"Why, my boy, I cannot believe that all this is true!"

"Deed, sir, we wish it warn't!"

"How long have you known it?"

"Only a day back, or so."

"And why did not you set off for London, and tell —?"

"Lord, sir—us spread about that Sir Henry was mad! Nobody would believe us, for he's woundy cunning, and can talk as grave as a judge, and as good as the parson, when he chooses; an' that being so, if we'd gone up to town with them stories, the great folk would ha' come down, and he'd a' persuaded them it was all false—and what would have become of *we*!"

"And what is become of the servants? Are they all dumb?"

"Yes, sir, in a manner, seeing as how they have been bound to silence by our poor lady, till she should tell them to give the alarm; an' *he's* been too cunning latterly to give her an opportunity of doing so. She'll be main glad o' your coming, I'll warrant me, for scarce a fly dare leave the house but he'd be after it!"

"Drive on—drive on, boys, for your lives," said I, finding we had at length surmounted the hill, and directed them to go at once to the house of Mr. Courthrope. Indeed there was not a moment to be lost, for it was clear that the madman's suspicions were roused, indefinite as might be his apprehensions; and his cunning and violence, each equally to be dreaded, might prompt him to take some dangerous, if not fatal step in my absence. Fortunately, I found Mr. Courthrope at home, and immeasurably shocked he was at my intelligence. It seemed that the Baronet and he had been totally estranged for some months, owing to an affront, which he was now satisfied arose out of his unhappy relative's insanity. Our arrangements were soon made. We exchanged the chaise in which I had returned to town, for a commodious carriage, calculated to hold four or five persons, and drove off at once to the residence of Dr. Y—, one of the most eminent "mad doctors," as they are somewhat unceremoniously denominated. Our interview was but brief. In less than half an hour, Dr. Y—, Mr. Courthrope, and I, with two keepers, deposited ourselves respectively within and without the vehicle, and set off direct for — Hall.

Mr. Courthrope and I were sad enough; but little

Dr. Y— was calm and lively as if he were obeying an invitation to dinner!

"Suppose Harleigh should grow desperate—should offer resistance!" said Mr. Courthrope, very pale.

"Nothing more likely," replied Dr. Y—, coolly.

"But what is to be done? My cousin was always an athletic man; and now that the strength of madness—"

"Pho, my dear sir, he would be but a child in the hands of those two fellows of mine outside—like a wild elephant between two tame ones—ha, ha!"

"You, I dare say, have witnessed so many of those scenes," said I, with a faint smile—for his indifference hurt me; it jarred upon my own excited feelings.

"For Heaven's sake—for Lady Anne's sake, Dr. Y—," said Mr. Courthrope agitatedly, as a sudden turn of the road brought us in sight of — Hall, "let nothing like violence be used."

"Oh, most assuredly not. 'Tis a system I always eschew. Never do by foul, what may be accomplished by fair means. Our conduct will be regulated to a hair by that of Sir Henry. Only leave him to us, and, by hook and by crook, we'll secure him."

"But, suppose he should have fire-arms," said I; "I know he carries them—he pointed a loaded pistol at me this morning."

"My dear Doctor, how did you know it was loaded?"

"'Tis what one would have called at the schools a gratuitous assumption! Madmen have a vast penchant for terrifying with fire-arms; but somehow they always forget the ammunition!"

"But only put the case; suppose Sir Henry should have got possession of a pistol ready loaded to his hand!"

"Certainly, in such a case, something awkward might occur," replied Dr. Y—, seriously, "but I trust a good deal to the effect of my eye upon him from the first. 'Tis a kind of talisman among my patients—ha, ha!"

"Poor Lady Anne!" exclaimed Mr. Courthrope, "what will become of her?"

"Ah! she must be rescued with, and kept out of the way; otherwise we may expect a scene!" replied the matter-of-fact Dr. Y—.

Now there was a certain something about this my professional brother that was intolerable to me; a calm, self-satisfied air, a smirking civility of tone and manner, that, coupled with his truly dreadful calling, and the melancholy enterprise which he at present conducted, really revolted me. How doleful, how odious, would be the jocularity of Jack Ketch! And, again, when the Doctor, who was a well-bred man, saw the sickening agitation of his two companions, there was an artificial adaptation of his manner, in the tones of his voice, and the expression of his features, that offended me, because one felt it to be assumed, in consideration of our weakness! He was, however, in his way, a celebrated and successful man, and I believe deserved to be so.

In due time we reached the park gates, and Dr. Y—, Mr. Courthrope, and I, there alighted, directing the carriage to follow us at a leisurely pace to the hall-door. I rang the bell; and, after waiting nearly a minute or two, an elderly woman answered our summons.

"Can we see Sir Henry Harleigh?" enquired Mr. Courthrope.

"No, sir," was the prompt reply.

"And why not? My good woman, we must see Sir Henry immediately, on business of the highest importance."

"Indeed! Then you should have come a little earlier!"

"Come a little earlier?" said I; "what do you mean? Sir Henry himself appointed this evening."

"Then it's clear he must have changed his mind; for

he and my Lady both set off in a post-chaise-and-four some two hours ago, howsoever, and I don't know where, either; perhaps you had better go after him!"

We stood looking at one another in amazement.

"In what direction did he go?" I enquired.

"Down the road, sir. He desired me to tell any one that might call, that he was gone off to Wales."

I sighed with vexation and alarm; Mr. Courthrope looked pale with apprehension; while Dr. Y—, with his eyes half-closed, stood looking with a smiling inquisitiveness at the confident woman that was addressing us. A pretty stand-still were we arrived at! What was now to be done?

"Here!" said Dr. Y—, in an under tone, beckoning us to follow him to a little distance from the door. We did so.

"Pho, pho!" he whispered, taking our arms into his—"the woman is trifling with us. Sir Henry is at this moment in the Hall—aye, as surely as we are now here!"

"Indeed! How can you possibly?"—

"Ah, he must be very clever, either sane or insane, that can deceive me in these matters! 'Tis all a trick of Sir Henry's, I'll lay my life on't. The woman did not tell her tale naturally enough. Come, we'll search the Hall, however, before we go back again on a fool's errand! Come, my good woman," said he, as we reascended the steps, "you have not told us the truth. We happen to know that the Baronet and his lady are at this moment above stairs, for we saw him just now at the corner of the window."

This cool invention confounded the woman, and she began to hesitate. "Come," pursued our spokesman, "you had better be candid; for we will be so—and tell you we are determined to search this Hall from one end to the other, from top to bottom, but we will find him we come to seek."

"Oh, lord!" replied the woman, with an air of vexation. "You must do as you please; I've given you my answer, and you'll take the consequences."

With this she left us. After a short consultation, Mr. Courthrope volunteered to go through the principal rooms alone. In about ten minutes' time he returned, not having seen anything of the fugitives, except a letter lying on the library-table, in the Baronet's frank, the ink of which was scarcely dry. It proved only, however, a blank envelope. We determined together to commence a strict search over the whole Hall. Every room, however, we explored in vain, and began to despair of success. The back drawing-room we examined again, hoping to find some note or letter that might give us a clue to the Baronet's retreat. It commanded a fine view of the grounds; and after standing for some moments at the window, narrowly scrutinizing every shrub or tree that we could fancy Sir Henry lurking either in, or near, we turned together in council once more. Where could he be? Had he really left the place? We cast our eyes on the mantel-piece and table, on which were scattered various papers, notes, cards, &c. and one or two volumes, with the Baronet's manuscript notes in the margin—and sighed. This, Mr. Courthrope informed us, was Sir Henry's favourite room, because of the prospect it commanded. We could, however, see nothing to cast a ray of information upon the subject of our enquiries. We determined, then, to commence a rigorous search of the outer premises, but were delayed for a time by the violence of the storm. The afternoon had been very gloomy, and at length the rain came down in torrents. The thunder rattled directly overhead, in fearful proximity, followed in a second or two by lightning of terrible vividness. Peel upon peel, flash after flash, amid the continued hissing of the hail and heavy rain, followed one another with scarce a minute's intermission. Nothing attracted the eye without, but the drenched gloomy grounds, and the angry lightning-la-

den sky; a prospect this, which, coupled with thoughts of the melancholy errand on which we were engaged, completely depressed our spirits; at least I can answer for my own.

"Gloomy enough work this, both within and without!" exclaimed Dr. Y—. "If Sir Henry is travelling, he will be cooled a little, I imagine."

"What can he have done with Lady Anne? I tremble for her safety!" exclaimed Mr. Courthrope.

"Oh, you may depend she's safely stowed somewhere or other! These madmen are crafty beyond!"—said Dr. Y—, when the doors of an old fashioned oaken cabinet, which we had examined, but imagined locked, were suddenly thrown wide open, and forth stepped the Baronet, in travelling costume, with a composed haughty air.

"Gentlemen," said he, calmly, "are you aware of the consequences of what you are doing? Do you know that I am Sir Henry Harleigh, and that this happens to be my house? By what warrant, at whose command do you thus presume to intrude upon my privacy?"

He paused, his hand continuing extended towards us with a commanding air. His posture would have charmed a painter. The suddenness of his appearance completely astounded Mr. Courthrope and myself, but not so Dr. Y—, the experienced Dr. Y—! who, with a confident bow and smile, stepped forward to meet Sir Henry almost at the moment of his extraordinary *entrée*, just as if he had been awaiting it. Never in my life, did I witness such a specimen of consummate self-possession.

"Sir Henry, you have relieved us," said Dr. Y—, with animation, "from infinite embarrassments; we have been searching for you in every corner of the house!"

"You have been—searching—for me, Sir! Your name!" exclaimed the Baronet, with mingled hauteur and astonishment, stepping back a pace or two, and drawing himself up to his full height.

"Frey, Sir Henry, relieve us, by saying where her ladyship is to be found!" pursued the importunate Dr. Y. I could scarce tell why, but I felt that the Doctor had mastered the madman, as if by magic. The poor Baronet's unsteady eye wandered from Dr. Y. to me, and from me to Mr. Courthrope.

"Once more, sir, I beg the favour of your name?" he repeated, not however, with his former firmness.

"Dr. Y.," replied that gentleman, promptly, bowing low.

The Baronet started. "Dr. Y., of——?" he whispered, after a pause, in a low thrilling tone.

"Precisely—the same, at your service, Sir Henry," replied the Doctor again bowing. Sir Henry's features whitened sensibly. He turned aside, as if he could not bear to look upon Dr. Y., and sunk into a chair beside him, murmuring, "Then I am ruined!"

"Do not, Sir Henry, distress yourself!" said Dr. Y., mildly, approaching him; but he was motioned off with an air of disgust. Sir Henry's averted countenance was full of horror. We stood perfectly silent and motionless, in obedience to the hushing signals of Dr. Y.

"George," said Sir Henry, addressing Mr. Courthrope in a faltering tone, "You are not my enemy!"

"Dear, dear Henry!" exclaimed Mr. Courthrope, running towards him and grasping his hand, while the tears nearly overflowed.

"Go and bring Lady Anne hither!" said the Baronet, his face still averted, "you will find her in the summer-house, awaiting my return!"

Mr. Courthrope, after a confirmative nod from Dr. Y. and myself, hurried off on his errand, and in a few moments returned, accompanied, or rather preceded by Lady Anne, who, in a travelling-dress, flew up the grand staircase, burst open the doors, rushed into the room, almost shrieking. "Where—where is he?"

Dear, dear Henry! my husband! What have they done to you? Whither are they going to take you? Oh, wretch!" she groaned, turning towards me her pale, beautiful countenance, full of desperation, "is all this *your* doing? Love! love!" addressing her husband, who never once moved from the posture in which he first placed himself in the chair, "I am your wife! your own Anne!" and she flung her arms round his neck, kissing him with frantic vehemence.

"I thought we should have a scene!" whispered Dr. Y. in my ear, "twas very wrong in me to permit her coming! Pray be calm, my lady," said he, "do, for God's sake, for pity's sake, be calm," he continued, apparently unnoticed by Sir Henry, whose eyes were fixed on the floor, as if he were in profound meditation. "You will only aggravate his sufferings!"

"Oh yea, yea," she gasped, "I'll be calm! I am so! There! I am very calm now!" and she strained her grasp of Sir Henry with convulsive violence—he all the while passive in her arms as a statue! Dr. Y. looked embarrassed. "This will never do; we shall have Sir Henry becoming unmanageable," he whispered.

"Can I say a single word to your ladyship, alone?" he enquired, softly.

"No, No, No!" she replied, with mournful vehemence through her closed teeth, "you shall never part me from my husband! Shall they love! dearest!" and loosing her embrace for a moment, she looked him in the face with an expression of agonizing tenderness, and suddenly reclasped her arms around him with the energy of despair.

"Speak to her ladyship, calm her, *you* alone have the power," said Dr. Y., addressing Sir Henry, with the air of a man who expects to be—who *knows* that he will be obeyed. His voice seemed to recall the Baronet from a reverie, or rouse him from a state of stupor, and he tenderly folded his lady in his arms saying fondly, "Hush, hush, dearest, I will protect you."

"There! there! did you hear him? Were these the words of—of a—madman?" almost shrieked Lady Anne.

"Hush, Anne! my love! my dearest, sweet Anne! They say we must part!" exclaimed the wretched husband, in tones of thrilling pathos, wiping away the tears that showered from his poor wife's eyes,—"but, 'tis only for a while!"

"They never shall they *never* shall! I won't—I won't—won't," she sobbed hysterically. He folded her closer in his arms, and looking solemnly upwards, repeated the words, "Take—oh take her to your care!" He then burst into a loud laugh, relaxed his hold, and his wretched wife fell swooning into the arms of Mr. Courthorpe, who instantly carried her from the room.

"Now, Sir Henry, not a moment is to be lost," said Dr. Y. "Our carriage is at the door, you must step into it, and accompany us to town. Her ladyship will follow soon after, in your carriage."

He rose and buttoned his surtout. "What," said he, eagerly, "has his Majesty *really* sent for me, and in a friendly spirit? But," addressing me with a mysterious air, "you've not betrayed me, have you?"

"Never—and never can I, dear Sir Henry," I replied, with energy.

"Then I at once attend you, Dr. Y. Royalty must not be trifled with, I suppose you have the sign-manual?" Dr. Y. nodded; and without a further enquiry after Lady Anne, Sir Henry accompanied us down stairs, took his hat and walking-stick from the hall stand, drew on his gloves, and followed by Dr. Y. stepped into the carriage, which set off at a rapid rate, and was soon out of sight. I hastened, with a heavy heart, to the chamber whither Lady Anne had been conducted. Why should I attempt to dilate upon the sufferings I there witnessed—to exhibit my wretched

patient writhing on the rack of torture? Sweet suffering lady! Your sorrows are recorded above! Fain would I draw a curtain between your intense agonies, and the cold scrutiny of the unsympathising world!

From Lady Anne's maid I gathered a dreadful corroboration of the intelligence I had obtained in the morning. True I found it to be, that every domestic, except herself and the cook, had been dismissed by the despotic Baronet; the former retaining her place solely through the peremptoriness of his lady; the latter from necessity. Why did not the disbanded servants spread the alarm?—was explained by the consummate cunning with which Sir Henry, to the last, concealed his more violent extravagances, and the address with which he fixed upon Lady Anne the imputation of insanity, alleging frequently, as the cause of dismissing his servants, his anxiety to prevent their witnessing the humiliation of his Lady. More effectually to secure himself impunity, he had supplied them liberally with money, and sent them into Wales! On one occasion he had detected Sims—the maid—in the act of running from the Hall, with the determination at all hazards, of disclosing the fearful thralldom in which they were kept by the madman; but he seemed apprised of her movements—she fancied, even her intentions—as if by magic, met her at the Hall gates, and threatened to shoot her, unless she instantly returned, and on her knees took an oath of secrecy for the future. He would not allow a stranger, or visitor of any description under any pretence, to enter the precincts of the Hall, or any member of his family, except as above mentioned, or to quit them. He had prayer three times a day and walked in procession every day at noon round the house, himself, his lady, her maid and the cook; with many other freaks of a similar nature. He got up at night, and paraded with fire-arms about his grounds! I understood that these palpable evidences of insanity had made their appearance only a few days before the one on which I had been summoned. Sir Henry, I found, had always been looked upon as an eccentric man; and he had tact enough to procure his unfortunate Lady the sympathy of his household, on the score of imbecility. After giving the maid such general directions as suggested themselves, to procure an immediate supply of attendants, and to have the neighbouring apothecary called in on the slightest emergency, and enjoining her to devote herself entirely to her unhappy lady, I returned to her chamber. The slight noise I made in opening and shutting the door started her ladyship from a brief dose into which she had fallen a few minutes before I quitted her bedside. She continued in a state of lamentable exhaustion; and finding the soothing draught I had ordered for her was beginning to exhibit its drowsy agency, I reigned my patient into the hands of the apothecary whom I had sent for, and hastened up to town, by one of the London coaches which happened to overtake me.

Late in the evening Mr. Courthorpe called at my house and informed me that they had a dreadful journey up to town. For the first mile or two the Baronet he said, appeared absorbed in thought. He soon however, began to grow restless, then violent, and ultimately unmanageable. He broke one of the carriage windows to atoms, and almost strangled one of the keepers, whom it was found necessary to summon to their assistance by suddenly thrusting his hand into his neckerchief. He insisted on the horses' heads being turned towards the Hall; and finding they paid no attention to his wishes, began to utter the most lamentable cries, which attracted many persons to the carriage. On reaching Bowerfield House, the private establishment of Dr. Y., whither it was thought advisable in the first instance, to convey the Baronet, till other arrangements could be made, he became suddenly quiet. He trembled violently, his face became pale as ashes, and he offered no opposition to

his being led at once from the carriage into the house. He imagined it was the Tower. He ate in silent moodiness for a length of time, and then requested the attendance of a chaplain, and a solicitor. In a private interview with the former, he fell upon his knees, confessing that he had several times attempted the life of Lady Anne, though he declared with solemn asseverations that he was innocent of *treason* in any shape. He owned, with a contrite air, that justice had at length overtaken him in his evil career. He imagined, it seemed, as far as they could gather from his exclamations, that he had that morning murdered his Lady! On Mr. Courthorpe taking leave of him for the evening, he wrung his hands with the bitterness of a condemned criminal who is parting with his friends forever, and in smothered accents warned him to resist the indulgence of unbridled passions!

Well, a singular, a awful day's work had gone through; and I thanked God, that putting out of the question all other considerations, I had not suffered personal injury from the madman. How horrid was my suspense, at several periods of the day, lest he should suddenly produce fire arms, and destroy either himself or his persecutors! Alas, how soon might I expect the distressing secret to make its appearance in the daily newspapers, to become the subject of curiosity and baseless speculation! I resigned myself to rest that night, full of melancholy apprehensions for Lady Anne, as well as the Baronet; and my last fervent thoughts were of thankfulness to God for the preservation of my own reason hitherto, under all the troubles, anxieties and excitements I had passed through in my life!

I determined, on rising in the morning, to make such arrangements as would leave me at liberty to pay an early visit to Lady Anne; and was on the point of stepping into my chariot, to hurry through my morning round, when a carriage rolled rapidly to the door, and in a few seconds I observed her maid handing out Lady Anne Harleigh. Deeply veiled as she was, and veiled in an ample shawl, I saw at once the fearful traces of her yesterday's agony and exhaustion in her countenance and feeble tottering gait. She almost swooned with the effort of reaching the parlour. I soon learned her object in hurrying thus to town; it was to carry into effect an unalterable determination—poor lady!—to attend personally on Sir Henry, even in the character of his menial servant. It was perfectly useless for me to expostulate; she listened with impatience, and even replied with asperity.

"For mercy's sake, Doctor, why do you persist in talking thus? Do you wish to see me share the fate of my unhappy husband? You choke me; you suffocate me! I cannot breathe!"—she gasped.

"Dearest Lady Anne!" said I, taking in mine her cold white hand, "try to overcome your feelings! My heart aches for you, indeed, but a solemn sense of duty forbids me to yield to you in this matter. You might gratify your excited feelings for the moment, by seeing Sir Henry—but I take God to witness the truth, with which I assure you that, in my belief, such a step would destroy the only hope left for his recovery. The constant presence of your ladyship would have the effect of inflaming still more his disordered, his excited feelings, till his weakness would defy all control. And Heaven only knows what would be the consequences, as well to him as to yourself!" I paused; she did not reply.

"I thank God, that he enables your ladyship to listen to reason in these trying circumstances. Rely upon it, Providence will strengthen you, and you will prove equal to this emergency!"

"Oh Doctor," she murmured, clasping her hands over her face, "you cannot sympathize with me; you cannot feel how wretched, how desolate I am! What will become of me? Whither shall I go to forget myself? Oh, my child, my child, she groaned, and fell back

senseless. It was long before our attentions succeeded in restoring her to consciousness. What an object she lay in my wife's arms! Her beautiful features were cold and white as those of a marble bust; the dew of agony was on her brow; her hair was all dishevelled; and thus prostrate and heart broken, she looked like one on whom misfortune had dealt her heaviest blow! As soon as she was sufficiently recovered, she yielded to my wife's entreaties, and suffered herself to be conducted up to bed, and promised there to await my return, when I would bring her tidings of Sir Henry. In two or three hours' time, I was able to call at Somersfield House. I found from Dr. Y., who told me that such cases were always fluctuating, that Sir Henry's demeanour had undergone a sudden change. He had, from great violence and boisterousness, sunk into contemplative calmness and melancholy. On entering his chamber, where there was every comfort and elegance suited to his station, I found him seated at a desk writing. He received me courteously; and but for that strange wildness of the eye, of which no madman can divest himself, there was no appearance of the awful change which had come over him.

"You may retire, sir, for the present," said the Baronet to his keeper, who, looking significantly at me, bowed and withdrew.

"Well, Sir Henry," said I, drawing my chair to the table at which he was sitting, "I hope your present residence is made as comfortable as circumstances"—

"I neither deserve nor desire any thing agreeable," he replied gloomily. "I know, I feel it all; I am conscious of my deep degradation; but of the particular offence for which I am arrested, I solemnly declare that I am innocent. However," he concluded abruptly, "I must not be diverted from what I am doing," and inclining politely towards me, he resumed his pen. I sat watching him in silence for some minutes. He seemed to be unconscious of my presence—completely absorbed with what he was doing. I was turning about in my mind how I could best introduce the topic I wished, when he suddenly asked me, without removing his eyes from the paper, how I had left Lady Anne.

"I am glad you ask after her, Sir Henry, for she is afraid you are offended with her."

"Not at all—not the least! It is surely I who am the offender," he replied, with a sigh.

"Indeed! her ladyship does not think so, however! She is in town; at my house: will you permit me to bring her here?"

"Why—why—do the regulations of this place admit of females coming?" he asked, with a puzzled air, proceeding to ask in a breath: "Has any thing further transpired?"

"Nothing," I replied, not knowing to what he alluded.

"Will she be calm?"

"Why otherwise, Sir Henry?"

"Or object to your being present all the while?"

"No; I am sure she will not."

"Mind, I cannot bear her to bring any bells with her?"

"Rely upon it, Sir Henry, you shall not be annoyed." "Well—then I beg you will leave me for the present, that I may prepare for the interview. Had we not better engage a short-hand writer to attend? You know she might say something of moment."

"We will see that every thing is arranged. In two hours' time, Sir Henry, then, you will be prepared?"

He bowed, resumed his pen, and I withdrew. There seemed little to be apprehended from the interview, provided he retained his present humour, and Lady Anne could overcome her agitation, and control her feelings.

On returning home, I found her ladyship had risen,

and was sitting with my wife in tears: but more composed than I had left her. I told her how calm and contented Sir Henry appeared, and the satisfaction with which he received the proposal of her visit: she clasped her hands together, and assured me, with a faint hysteric laugh, how very happy she was! Presently she began to convince me that I need be under no apprehension for her; and repeated her conviction that she should preserve a perfect composure in Sir Henry's presence, over and over again, with such increasing vehemence, as ended in a violent fit of hysteria. My heart heavily misgave me for the event of the interview: however there was nothing for it but to try the experiment.

About six o'clock, her ladyship, together with her sister, Lady Julia ———, who had been hastily summoned from the country, and Mr. Courthrope, drove with me to Somerset House. They were all shewn into the drawing-room, where Dr. Y. and I left them, that we might prepare his patient for the visit. Dr. Y. saw no objection to the whole party being admitted: so, in a moment's time, we introduced the wretched couple to one another.

"Ah, Henry!" exclaimed Lady Anne, the moment she saw him, rushing into his arms, where she lay for a while silent and motionless. I suspected she had fainted.

"Julia, is that you? How are you?" enquired the Baronet, with an easy air, still holding his wife in his arms. She sobbed violently. "Hush, Anne, hush!" he whispered. "You *must* be calm; they allow no noise here, of anykind. They will order you to leave the room! Besides, you disturb me, so that I shall never be able to get through the interview!" All this was said with the coolest composure; as if he were quite unconscious of being the object of his wife's agonizing attentions. Her sobs, however, became louder and louder. "Silence, Anne!" said the Baronet, sternly; "this is foolish!" Her arms instantly fell from around him, for she had swooned—and I bore her from the room—begging the others to continue till my return. I soon restored my suffering patient by a potent draught of sal volatile, and enabled her once more to return to her husband's presence. We were all seated, but conversation languished.

"It is now my bitter duty," said the Baronet, with a serious air, breaking the oppressive silence, "to explain the whole mystery. Have you firmness, Anne, to bear it?" She nodded. "And in the presence of so many persons?" Again she nodded; to speak was impossible.

"Perhaps we had better leave!" said I.

"No, not one of you, unless you wish. The more witnesses of truth the better," replied the Baronet, proceeding with much solemnity of manner. "I am not, I never was, a dishonourable man; yet I fear it will be difficult to persuade you to believe me when you shall have heard all. The dreadful secret, however, must come out; I feel that my recent conduct requires explanation, that disguise is no longer practicable, or availing. The hand of God has brought me hither, and is heavy upon me—you see before you a wretch whom He has marked with a curse heavier than that of Cain!"

He paused for a moment, and turned over the leaves of his manuscript, as if preparing to read from. We all looked and listened with unfeigned astonishment. There was something about his manner that positively made me begin to doubt the fact of his insanity; and I was almost prepared to hear him acknowledge that for some mysterious purpose or other, he had but been feigning madness. Lady Anne, pale and motionless as a statue, sat near him, her eyes riveted upon him with a dreadful expression of blended fondness, agony, and apprehension.

"Behold, then, in me," continued Sir Henry, in a

stern undertone, "an *IMPOSTOR*. The world will soon ring with the story; friends will despise me; the House of Commons will repudiate me; relatives will disown me; my wife even," raising his eyes towards her, "will forsake me. I am no Baronet!" he paused; he was evidently striving to still strong emotions: I have no right either to the title, which I have disgraced, the fortune which I have wantonly squandered, or the hand I have dishonoured." His lips, despite his efforts at compression, quivered, and his cheeks turned sallow pale. "But I take God to witness, that at the time of my marriage with this noble lady," pointing with a trembling hand to Lady Anne, "I knew not what I know now about this matter—that another was entitled to stand in my place, and enjoy the wealth and honours; what, does it not, then, confound you at all?" he enquired, finding that we neither looked nor uttered surprise at what he said. "Nothing like agitation at the confession? Is it, then, no *news*? Are you all prepared for it? Has then my privacy, my confidence, been violated? How is this, Lady Anne?" he pursued with increasing vehemence; "Tell me, Lady Anne, is it you who have done this?" The poor lady forced a faint smile into her palid features—a smile as of fond incredulity. "Ha! cockatrice! away!" — he shouted, springing from his chair, and pacing about the room in violent agitation. Lady Anne, with a faint shriek, was borne out of the room a second time insensible.

"Yes," continued the Baronet, in a high tone, regardless of the presence of his keeper, whom his violence hurried back into the room, "that false woman has betrayed me to disgrace and ruin! She has possessed herself of my fatal secret, and turned it to my destruction! But for her it might have slept hitherto! Ha! this is the secret that has so long lain rankling in my heart, blighting my reason, driving me to crime, making my continual companion, the Devil, the great fiend himself, and Hell all around me! Oh, I am choked! I am burnt up! I cannot bear it! What, Dr. Y., have you nothing to say to me, now you have secured me in your toils! Are you leagued with Lady Anne? Lady Anne!—*Lady!*—she will preserve her title, but it will be attached to the name of a villain! Ah! what will become of me! Speak, Doctor, addressing me, who had returned to whisper to Mr. Courthrope, "speak to me."

"While you are raving thus, it would be useless, Sir Henry."

"Sir Henry! do you then dare to mock me to my face?" He paused, stopped full before me, and seemed meditating to strike me. Dr. Y. came beside me, and the wretched madman instantly turned on his heel and walked to another part of the room. Again he commenced walking to and fro, his arms folded, and muttering, "The Commons, I suppose, will be impeaching me; ha! ha! ha! and thus ends Sir Henry Harleigh, Baronet, member for the county of ———! Ah, ha, ha! What will X., and Y., and Z., naming well known individuals in the Lower House. "What will they say to this! What will my constituents say! They will give me a public dinner again! The pride of the county will be there to meet me!"

Mr. Courthrope caused Lady Anne and her sister, as soon as the former could be removed with safety, to be conveyed to his own residence, which they reached, happily, at the same time that Mrs. Courthrope, one of Lady Anne's intimate friends, returned from the country, to pay her suffering relative every attention that delicacy and affection could suggest. What *new* was the situation of this once happy, this once brilliant, this once envied couple! Sir Henry, in a mad-house; Lady Anne, heart-broken, and, like Rachel, "refusing to be comforted!" All splendour faded; the sweets of wealth, rank, refinement, lost!—What a commentary on the language of the Royal Sufferer in Scripture; "And in my prosperity, I said, I

shall never be moved. Lord, by thy favour thou hast made my mountain to stand strong; thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled."

The ravings of Sir Henry, on the occasion last mentioned, of course passed away from my recollection, with many other of his insane extravagances, till they were suddenly revived by the following paragraph in a morning paper, which some days afterwards I read breathlessly and incredulously.

"We understand that the lamentable estrangement, both from reason and society, of a once popular and accomplished Baronet, is at length discovered to be connected with some extraordinary disclosures made to him some time ago concerning the tenure by which he at present enjoys all his large estates, and the title, as it is contended, wrongfully. The new claimant, who, it is said, had not been long in this country, and is in comparatively humble circumstances, has intrusted the prosecution of his rights to an eminent solicitor, who, it is whispered, has at length shaped his client's case in a form fit for the investigation of a court of law; and a very formidable case, we hear, it is reported will be made out. If it should be successful, the present unfortunate possessor, in addition to being stripped of all he holds in the world, will have to account for several hundred thousand pounds. The extensive and distinguished connexions of Sir —, have, we understand, been thrown into the utmost consternation, and have secured, at an enormous expense, the highest legal assistance in the country."

Wonder, pity, alarm, perplexity, by turns assailed me, on reading this extraordinary announcement, which squared with every word uttered by the Baronet on the occasion I have alluded to, and which we considered the mere hallucination of a madman. Could then, this dreadful—this mysterious paragraph—have any foundation in fact? Was it this that had shaken, and finally overturned, Sir Henry's understanding? And did Lady Anne know it? Good God, what was to become of them? Would this forthwith become the topic of conversation and discussion, and my miserable patients be dragged from the sacred retreats of sorrow and suffering, to become the subjects of general enquiry and speculation? Alas, by how slight a tenure does man hold the highest advantages of life!

I had proposed calling at Mr. Courthrope's that day, to see Lady Anne. I should possibly have an opportunity, therefore, of ascertaining whether this newly-discovered calamity constituted an ingredient of that "perilous stuff" which weighed upon her heart.

What an alteration had a fortnight worked on Lady Anne! In her bed-chamber, where I entered, were her sister, Lady Julia, Mrs. Courthrope, and her maid; the latter of whom was propping up her mistress, in bed, with pillows. How wan was her once lovely face,—how wasted her figure! There was a tearless agony in her eye, a sorrowful resignation in her countenance, that spoke feelingly the

'Cruel grief that hack'd away her heart  
Unseen, unknown of others.'

"And what intelligence do you bring from Somerset, to-day, Doctor?" she whispered, after replying to my enquiries about her health.

"I have not seen him to-day, but I hear that he continues calm. His bodily health is unexceptionable."

"Is that a favourable sign?" she enquired faintly, shaking her head, as though she knew to the contrary.

"It may be, and it may not, according to circumstances. But how is your ladyship to-day?"

"Oh, so much better! I really feel getting quite strong—don't you think so, Julia?" said the feeble sufferer. Lady Julia sighed in silence.

"I shall be able to get about in a few days," continued Lady Anne, "and then—don't be so angry, Julia!

—once at Somersetfield—I—I know I shall revive again! I know I shall die if you do not give me my way. Do, dear Doctor," her snowy attenuated fingers gently seized and compressed my hand, "do persuade them to be reasonable! You can't think how they torment me about it! They don't know what my feelings are,"—she could utter no more. I endeavored to pacify her with a general promise, that if she would keep herself from fretting for a fortnight, and was then sufficiently recovered, I would endeavor to bring about what she wished.

"Poor Sir Henry," said I, after a pause, addressing Lady Julia, "takes strange notions into his head."

"Indeed he does!" she replied, what new delusion has made its appearance?"

"Oh nothing new; he adheres to the belief that he is not the true Baronet; that he has no title to the fortune he holds!" No one made any reply; and I felt chagrined and embarrassed on account of having alluded to it. I mentioned another subject, but all in vain.

"Doctor, you must know it to be true, that there is another who claims our fortune!" whispered Lady Anne, a few minutes afterwards. I endeavored to smile it off.

"You smile, Doctor; but my poor husband found it no smiling." She sobbed hysterically. "And what if it is true," she continued, "that we are beggars—that my child—oh!—I could bear it all, if my poor Henry"—her lips continued moving, without uttering any sound; and it was plain she had fainted. I bitterly regretted mentioning the subject; but we had frequently talked about other crotchets of Sir Henry's, by his lady's bed-side, without calling forth any particular emotion on her part. No allusion of any kind had been since made to the topics about which Sir Henry raved on the last occasion by any member of the family; and I thought it would prove either that Lady Anne was in happy ignorance of the circumstances, or that they proved a chief source of her wasting misery. The latter, alas! proved the case! She lay for some minutes rather like a delicate waxen figure before us, than actual flesh and blood. Never did I see any one fade so rapidly; but what anguish had been hers for a long period! And this poor wasted sufferer was relying upon being the nurse of her husband in a fortnight's time! Oh! cruel delusion! I left her, apprehensive that when matters assumed a more favorable aspect, a fortnight would see her more than half-way towards the grave.

"Doctor," whispered Lady Julia to me, as I descended the stairs, "have you seen that frightful paragraph in this day's newspaper?"

"I have, my lady—and"—

"So has my poor sister!" interrupted her ladyship.—

"We generally read the newspapers before they are shewn to her, as she insists on seeing them—but this morning it unfortunately happened that Sims took it up to her at once. Poor girl! she soon saw the fatal paragraph, and I thought she would have died."

"Indeed—indeed, my lady, I never can forgive myself," said I, wringing my hands.

"Nay, Doctor, you are wrong. I am glad that you have broken the ice; she must be talked to on the subject, but we dared not begin."

"Pray, how long has her ladyship known of it?"

"I believe about six months after Sir Henry became alarmed about it; for, at first, he disbelieved it, and paid no attention to it whatever. He was never aware, however, that she knew the secret source of his anxiety and illness; and as she saw him so bent on concealing it from her, she thought it more prudent to acquiesce. Fancy, Doctor, what my poor sister must have suffered! She is the noblest creature in the world, and could have borne that which has almost killed her husband, and quite destroyed his reason. People have noticed often his strange manner; and circulated a hundred

stories to the discredit of both, which Anne has endured without a murmur, often when her heart was near breaking! Alas! I am afraid she will sink at last!"—She hurried from me, overcome by her emotions, and I drove off, not much less oppressed myself.

During the next few weeks, I visited, almost daily, both Sir Henry and Lady Anne. It was a dreadful period for the former, whose malady broke out into the most violent paroxysms, rendering necessary restraints of a very severe character. Who could have believed that he was looking on the once gay, handsome, accomplished, gifted Baronet, in the howling maniac, whom I once or twice shuddered to see chained to a staple in the wall, or fastened down on an iron-fixed chair, his head close shaven, his eyes blood-shot and staring, his mouth distorted, uttering the most tremendous imprecations! I cannot describe the emotions that agitated me as I passed from this frightful figure, to the bedside of the peaceful, declining sufferer, his wife, buoying her up from time to time with accounts of his improvement! How I trembled as I told the falsehood!

Sir Henry's bodily health continued to improve; his flesh remained firm; the wilder paroxysms ceased, and soon assumed a mitigated form. In his eyes was the expression of settled insanity! I confess I began to think, with the experienced Dr. Y. that there was little reasonable hope of recovery. His case assumed a different aspect almost daily. He wandered on from delusion to delusion, each absurd than the other, and more tenaciously retained. On one occasion, after great boisterousness, he became suddenly calm, called for twenty quires of foolscap, and commenced writing from morning to night, without intermission, except for his meals. This, however, remained with him for nearly three weeks; and the result proved to be a speech for the House of Commons, vindicating his alleged ill-treatment of Lady Anne, and his claims to his title and estate! It must have taken nearly a fortnight to deliver! He insisted on his keeper, a very easy tempered phlegmatic fellow, bearing him read the whole; good occupation for a week—when the Baronet tired in the middle of his task. He always paused on my entrance; and when I once requested him to proceed in my presence, he declined, with a great air of offended dignity; I several times introduced the name of Lady Anne, curious to see its effect upon him; he heard it with indifference, once observing, "that he had formed a plan about her which would not a little astonish certain persons." I represented her feebleness—her emaciation. He said coldly, that he was sorry for it, but she brought it upon herself, quoting the words, "Thus even-handed justice," &c. He adopted a mode of dress, that was remarkably ridiculous, and often provoked me to laughter, in spite of myself—a suit of tightly-fitting jacket and pantaloons, made of green baize, with silk stockings and pumps.—His figure was very elegant and well-proportioned, but in this costume, and with his hair cut close upon his head, looked most painfully absurd. This was Sir Henry Harleigh, Baronet, M. P. for the county of —, husband of the beautiful Lady Anne —, master of most accomplishments, and owner of a splendid fortune! Thus habited, I have surprised him, mounted on a table in the corner of his room, haranguing his quiet keeper, with all the vehemence of parliamentary oratory; and on my entrance, he would speak down with the silliest air of schoolboy shame! He became very tractable, took his meals regularly, and walked about in a secluded part of the grounds, without being mischievous, or attempting to escape. And who shall say that he was not happy? Barring a degradation, of which only others were sensible, what had he to trouble him? Where, in this respect, lay the difference between Sir Henry, wandering from delusion to delusion,

revelling in variety, and the poet, who always lives in a world of dreams and fancies all his own.

And Lady Anne—the beautiful—the once lively Lady Anne—was drooping daily! Alas, in what a situation were husband and wife! I could not help likening them to a noble tree, wreathed with the graceful, affectionate ivy, and blasted by lightning—rending the one asunder, and withering the other. For so in truth it seemed. Lady Anne was evidently sinking under her sorrows. All the attentions of an idolizing family, backed by the fond sympathies of "troops of friends"—even the consolations of religion—seemed alike unavailing!

The reader has not yet, however, been put into distinct possession of the cause of all this devastation.

It seems that shortly after his marriage, his solicitor suddenly travelled to the Continent, to communicate the startling—but in the Baronet's estimation ridiculous—intelligence, that a stranger was laying claim to all he held in the world, of title and fortune. The lawyer at length returned to England, overspersed by the Baronet, to treat the matter with contemptuous indifference; and nothing further was in fact heard for some months, till, after Sir Henry's return, he received one evening, at his club, (a circumstance which I have before said, appeared to confirm certain suspicions then afloat) a long letter, purporting to come from the solicitor of the individual preferring the fearful claim alluded to. It stated the affair at some length and concluded by requesting certain information, which, said the writer, might possibly have the effect of convincing his client of his error, and conducing to the abandonment of his claim. The shocking letter at length roused the Baronet from his lethargy. Several portions of it talked strangely with particular passages in the family history of Sir Henry, who instantly hurried with consternation to his solicitor, by whom his worst apprehensions were aggravated. Not that the lawyer considered his client's case desperate; but he at once prepared his agitated client for a long, harassing, and ruinous litigation, and exposure of the most public nature. It cannot be wondered at that a sense of his danger should prey upon his feelings, and give him that disturbed manner which occasioned the speculations, hints, and insinuations, mentioned in an early part of this paper. He anxiously concealed from his lady the shocking jeopardy in which their all on earth was placed; and the constant effort and constraint—the withering anxiety—the long continued apprehensions of ruin—at length disordered, and finally overbore his intellects. What was the precise nature of his adversary's pretensions, I am unable to state technically. I understand it consisted of an alleged earlier right under the entail. To support his claim, every quarter was ransacked for evidence by his zealous attorney, often in a manner highly indelicate and offensive. The upstart made his pretensions as public as possible; and a most imprudent overture made by Sir Henry's solicitor was unscrupulously—triumphantly—seized upon by his adversary, and through his means at length found its way into the newspapers. The additional vexation this occasioned Sir Henry may be readily imagined; for independently of his mortification at the circumstance, it was calculated most seriously to prejudice his interests; and when he kept ever before his agonized eyes the day of trial which was approaching, and the horrible catastrophe, he sunk under the mighty oppression. Lady Anne had, despite her husband's attempts at secrecy, for some time entertained faint suspicions of the truth; but as he obstinately, and at length sternly interdicted any enquiry on her part, and kept every document under lock and key, he contrived to keep her comparatively in the dark. He frequently, however, talked in his sleep, and often did she lie awake listening to his mysterious expressions with sickening agitation. The

speech of Sir Henry and his lady, together with its occasion were now become generally known; and the cruel paragraph in the morning paper above copied, was only the precursor of many similar ones, which at length went to the extent of hunting, generally, the nature of the new claimant's pretensions, with the grounds of Sir Henry's resistance.

Recollecting the event of Lady Anne's last interview with Sir Henry, the reader may imagine the vexation and alarm with which, at the time she imagined I had fixed, I heard her insist upon the performance of my promise. Backed by the entreaties of her relatives, and my conviction of the danger that might attend such a step, I positively refused. It was in vain that she implored, frequently in an agony of tears, occasionally almost frantic at our opposition—we were inexorable. During a month's interval, very greatly to my surprise and satisfaction, her health sensibly improved. We had contrived to some extent to occupy her attention with agreeable pursuits, and had from time to time soothed her with good accounts of Sir Henry. Her little son too—a charming creature—was perpetually with her; and his prattle served to amuse her through many a long hour. She was at length able to leave her bed, and spend several hours down stairs; and under such circumstances, she renewed her importunities with better success. I promised to see Sir Henry, and engaged to allow her an interview, if it could be brought about safely. In order to ascertain the point, I called one day upon the Baronet, who still continued at Somerfield House, though several of his relatives had expressed a wish that he should be removed to private quarters. This, however, I opposed, jointly with Dr. Y—, till the Baronet exhibited symptoms of permanent tranquillity. I found no alteration in the mode of his apparel. If his ridiculous appearance shocked me, what must be its effect on his unhappy lady? He wore—as he did every day—his tight-fitting green baize, [what first put it into his head I am at a loss to imagine,] and happened to be in excellent humour; for he had just before beaten a crazy gentleman in the establishment at chess. He was walking to and fro, rubbing his hands, detailing his triumph to his keeper with great glee, and received me with infinite cordiality.

"What should you say to seeing company, Sir Henry?—Will you receive a visitor if I bring one?"

"Oh, yes—happy to see them—that is any day but to-morrow—any day but to-morrow," he replied briskly; "for to-morrow I shall be particularly engaged: the fact is, I am asked to dinner with the king, and am to play billiards with him."

"Ah! I congratulate you!—And, pray, does his majesty come to Somerfield, or do you go to Windsor?"

"Go to Windsor?—Lord bless you, his Majesty lives *here*—this is his palace; and I am one of his resident lords in waiting!—Were you not aware of that?"

"True—true; but at what hour do you wait on his majesty?"

"Three o'clock precisely—to the millionth part of a second."

"Hem!—Suppose, then, I take the opportunity of bringing my friend—who is very anxious to see you—at twelve o'clock?"

He paused, apparently considering. I was vexed that he made no enquiry as to the person I intended to introduce. I determined, however, that he should know.

"Well, Sir Henry, what say you—shall she come at twelve o'clock?"

"If she will go soon, I don't mind; but, you know, I must not be flurried, as I shall have so soon to attend the king. How can I play billiards, if my hand trembles!—Oh dear, it would never do—would it?"

"Certainly not, but what can there possibly be to hurry you in seeing Lady Anne?"

"Lady Anne!" he echoed with a sheepish air—"well you know, Lady Anne!—well—she can make allowances—eh?"

"Aye indeed—poor madman—thought I, if such a spectacle as yourself does not paralyze her—replying, "Oh, yes—all allowances, supposing any to be necessary, you may depend upon it. She's very considerate, and longs to see you."

"Well, I hope you'll be in the room? for, do you know, the thought of it almost makes me sick—don't I look pale?" he inquired of his keeper—"It is so long since I have seen her. Will she—I hope—what I mean, is—has she recovered from the wound?"

"Ha, long ago! She was more frightened than hurt at the accident."

"Accident! is that what it is called? All the better for me, you know," he replied, with a serious air, "However, I consent to see her at the hour you mention. Tell her to be calm, and not to try to frighten me, considering the king." With this he shook my hand, opened the door, and I took my leave. Dr. Y— greatly doubted the prudence of the step we were about to take; but we were too far committed with her ladyship to recede. I grew alarmed, on returning home, with the apprehension of her mere presence—however calmly she might behave—stirring up slumbering associations in the mind of her husband, that might lead to very unpleasant results. However, there was nothing for it but to await the experiment, and hope for the best.

The following morning, I called on her ladyship about eleven o'clock, and found her dressed and waiting. Out-door costume seemed as if it did not become one so long an invalid. She looked flushed and feverish, but made great efforts to sustain the appearance of cheerfulness. She told me of her hearty breakfast—(a cup of tea and part of an egg!—and spoke of her increasing strength. She could almost, she said, walk to Somerfield. Lady Julia trembled, Mrs. Courthrope was deadly pale, and I felt deeply apprehensive of the effect of the coming excitement upon such shattered nerves as those of Lady Anne.

Into the roomy carriage we stepped about half-past eleven. The day was bright and cold—the air, however, refreshing. As we approached Somerfield, it was evident that but for the incessant use of her vinaigrette, Lady Anne must have fainted. We were all silent enough by the time we reached the gates of Dr. Y—'s house. Lady Anne was assisted to alight and, leaning on my arm and that of her sister, walked up with tottering steps to the house, where Mrs. Y— received her with all respectful attention. A glass of wine considerably reassured the fainting sufferer; and while she paused in the drawing-room to recover her breath, I stepped to the Baronet's apartment to prepare him for a suitable reception of his lady.—Dr. Y— informed me that sir Henry had been talking about it ever since. I found him pacing slowly about his chamber, dressed, alas, with additional absurdity. In vain, I found, had both Dr. Y— and his keeper expostulated with him: they found that nothing else would keep him in humour. He wore over his usual green baize dress, a flaming scarlet suit, with a massive gold chain round his neck. An ebony walking stick was worn as a sword; and his cap, somewhat like that of a hussar, was surmounted with a peacock's feather, striped, all but the eye at the top, and nearly three feet high. On this latter astounding appendage, I found, he particularly prided himself. I implored him to remove it, but he begged me, somewhat haughtily, to allow him to dress as he pleased. I protest I felt sick at the spectacle. What a frightful object to present to Lady Anne. However, we might prepare her to expect something *outré* in her husband's appearance. "Permit me to ask, Sir Henry," said I, resolved upon a last effort, "why you are in full dress?"

He looked astonished at the question. "I thought, Doctor, I told you of my engagement with his majesty."

"Oh, aye, true; but perhaps you will receive your lady uncovered," said I, pressing for a dispensation of the abominable head-dress.

"No sir," he replied, quietly but decisively, and I gave up the point. His keeper whispered to me at the door, that Sir Henry alledged as a reason for dressing himself as I have described, his having to attend the king immediately after the interview with his lady; so that he would have no time for dressing in the interval.

"Is the party ready?" enquired the Baronet, interrupting our momentary *tele-a-tele*. I hesitated; I was suddenly inclined, at all hazards, to put off the dreaded interview; but I dared not venture on such a step.

"Y—yes, Sir Henry, and waits your pleasure to throw herself into your arms."

"What! good God! throw herself into my arms! throw herself into my arms! was there ever any such a thing heard of?" exclaimed the Baronet, with a confounded air; "no, no! I can admit of no such familiarities! that is going *rather* too far under the circumstances—eh?" turning towards his keeper, whom he had thrust reluctantly into a costume something like that of an Austrian soldier. "What do you say?" The man bowed in acquiescence.

"And further, Doctor," continued the Baronet, pointing to his keeper, "this gentleman, my secretary, must be present all the while, to take notes of what passes."

"Undoubtedly," I replied, with an air of intense chagrin, inwardly cursing myself for permitting the useless and dangerous interview. I hastened back to the apartment in which I had left the ladies, and endeavoured to prepare Lady Anne, by describing, with a smile, her husband's dress. She strove to smile with me, and begged that she might be led into his presence at once. Leaning between Lady Julia and myself, she shortly tottered into the Baronet's room, having first, at my suggestion, drawn down her black veil over her pale face.

"Pen! pen! pen!" hastily whispered the Baronet to his keeper, as we opened the door—and the latter instantly took his seat at the table, before a desk, with pens and ink. The Baronet bowed courteously to us as we entered.

"Speak to him," I whispered, as I led in her ladyship. She endeavored to do so, but her tongue failed her. Her lips moved, and that was all. Lady Julia spoke for her sister, in tremulous accents. Lady Anne closed her eyes on seeing the fantastic dress of her husband, and shook like an aspen-leaf.

"Harry, dearest Harry," at length she murmured, stretching her trembling arms towards him, as if inviting him to approach her. Sir Henry, with a polite but distant air, took off his cap for a moment, and then carefully replaced it without making any reply.

"Shall we take seats, Sir Henry?" I enquired.

"Y—yes—she may be seated," he replied, with an authoritative air, folding his arms, and leaning against the corner of the window, eyeing his lady with curious attention.

"Are you come here of your free will?" said he, calmly.

"Yes, Henry, yes," she whispered.

"Put that down," said the Baronet; in an under tone, to his secretary.

"Are you recovered?"

"Quite, dearest!" replied his lady, faintly.

"Put that down," repeated the Baronet, quickly, looking at his "secretary" till he had written it. There was a pause. I sat beside Lady Anne, who trembled violently, and continued deadly pale.

"I am sure, Sir Henry," said I, "you are not displeased

at her ladyship's coming to see you? If you are not, do come and tell her so, for she fears you are offended!" She grasped my fingers with convulsive efforts, without attempting to speak. Sir Henry, after an embarrassed pause, walked from where he had been standing, till he came directly before her, saying, in a low tone, looking earnestly into her countenance, "God be my witness, Anne, I bear you no malice; it is thus with you!" elevating his finger, and looking towards his keeper, intimating that he was to take down her reply—but none was made. He dropped slowly on one knee, drew the glove off his right hand, as if going to take hold of Lady Anne's, and tenderly said, "Anne, will you give me no reply?" There was no madness in either his tone or manner, and Lady Anne perceived the alteration.

"Harry! Harry! Dearest! my love!" she murmured, suddenly stretching towards him her hands, and fell into his arms, where she lay for a while motionless.

"Poor creature! How acute her feelings are!" exclaimed the Baronet, calmly. "You should strive to master them, Anne, as I do. I bear you no ill-will; I know you had provocation! How her little heart beats," he continued, musingly. "Why, she has fainted! How very childish of her to yield so!"

It was true; the unhappy lady had fainted, and lay unconsciously in her husband's arms. Her sister, weeping bitterly, rose to remove her; but the Baronet's countenance became suddenly clouded. He allowed us to assist his lady, by removing her bonnet, but continued to grasp her firmly by the wrists, staring into her face with an expression of mingled concern and wonder. His keeper's practised eye evidently saw the storm rising and came up to him.

"You had better let her ladyship be removed!" he whispered into his ear authoritatively, eyeing him fixedly, at the same time gently disengaging her arms from his grasp.

"Well, be it so; I am sorry for her; I've a strange recollection of her kindness; and is it come to this, poor Anne!" he exclaimed, tremulously, and walked to the further window, where he stood with his back towards us, evidently weeping. We removed Lady Anne immediately from the room; and it was so long before she recovered, that we doubted whether it would be safe to remove her home that day. "Well, as far as I am concerned," thought I, as I bent over her insensible form, "this is the last time I will be a party to the torture inflicted by such a scene as this, though in obedience to your own wishes!" As I was passing from the room in which she lay, I encountered Sir Henry, followed closely by his keeper.

"Whither now, Sir Henry," I enquired, with a sigh. "Going to tell the king that I cannot dine with him to-day, as I had promised, for I am quite agitated, though I scarce know why. Who brought Lady Anne to me?" he whispered. I made him no reply. "I am glad I have met you, however; we'll take a turn in the grounds, for I have something of the highest consequence to tell you."

"Really you must excuse me, Sir Henry; I have"—"Are you in earnest, Doctor? Do you know the consequences of refusing to attend to my wishes?"

"I suffered him to place my arm in his, and he led me down the steps into the garden. Round, and round, and round we walked at a rapid rate, his face turned towards me all the while with an expression of extensive anxiety, but not a syllable did he utter. Faster and faster we walked, till our pace became almost a run, and beginning to feel both fatigued and dizzy, I gently swayed him from the pathway towards the door-steps."

"Poor, poor Anne!" he exclaimed in a mournful tone, and starting from me abruptly, hurried to a sort of alcove close at hand, and sat down, covering his

face with his handkerchief, his elbows resting upon his knees.

I watched him for a moment from behind the door, and saw that he was weeping, and that bitterly. Poor Sir Henry! Presently one of his brother captives approached him, running from another part of the grounds, in a merry mood, and slapping him instantly on the back, shouted, "I am Lord of the isles!"

"I can't play billiards with your Majesty to-day," replied Sir Henry, looking up, his eyes red and swollen with weeping.

"Embrace me, then!" said the lunatic; and they were forthwith locked in one another's arms. "You are in tears!" exclaimed the stranger, himself beginning suddenly to cry; but in a moment or two he started off, putting his hand to his mouth, and bellowing, "Yoicks, yoicks! Stole away!"

The Baronet relapsed into his former mood, and continued in a similar posture for several minutes, when he rose up, wiped away his tears, and commenced walking again round the green, his arms folded on his breast as before, and talking to himself with great vehemence. I could catch only a few words here and there, as he hurried past me. "It will never be believed! What could have been my inducement? When will it be tried? I saw all the while through his disguise! My secretary, if acquitted, released, discovery, ennobled," were fragments of his incoherencies. Alas! what an object he looked! I could not help thinking of the contrast he now afforded to the animated figure he had presented to the eye of the beholder from the gallery of the House of Commons, the busy eager throngs of the clubs, and as the man of fashion and literature!

"*Hei mihi, quoniam erat! quantum mutatus ab illo  
Heclore, qui redit exuvias indutus Achillis,  
Vel Danaam Phrygiæ jaculatus puppibus ignem!*"

On regaining her room, I found Lady Anne had been relieved by a copious flood of tears. She continued weeping hysterically, and uttering wild incoherencies for some time, nor could the entreaties or commiserations of those around her, assuage her grief. When at length her paroxysm had abated, from exhaustion, she expressed a determination not to be removed from the house in which her unfortunate husband resided! It was in vain that we represented the peril with which such a resolution was attended, as well to herself as Sir Henry: she was deaf to our solitations, regardless of our warnings. She requested Mrs. Y. to inform her whether her house was fully occupied; and on receiving a hesitating answer in the negative, at once engaged apartments occupying the whole of the next wing of the building, careless, she said, at what expense. The result was, that finding her inflexible on this point, the requisite arrangements were at once entered upon, and that very night she, with her sister and maid, slept under the same roof with her unconscious—her afflicted husband. Every measure was taken to secure her from danger, and keep her as much out of Sir Henry's way as possible.

Nearly a month passed away without her having been once in Sir Henry's company, or even seeing him, for more than a moment or two together; and, unlikely as it had seemed, her health and spirits appeared rather to improve than otherwise. At length, the Baronet, being taken in a happy mood, was informed that she had long been a resident in Somerfield House, at which he expressed no surprise, and consented to her being invited to take tea in his apartment. He was very shy and silent during the interview, and seemed under constraint till his guests had taken leave of him. Gradually, however, he grew reconciled to their visits, which he occasionally returned, always accompanied by his "secretary"; and took great pleasure in hearing the sisters play on the piano. He composed verses,

which they pretended to set to music; he brought them flowers, and received various little presents in return. For hours together he would sit with them reading, and hearing read, novels and newspapers; and, in short, grew in a manner humanized again. He treated Lady Anne with great civility, but, towards her sister, Julia, he behaved as if he were courting her! They soon prevailed upon him to discard the absurd peacock's feather he frequently wore, always on Sunday, accepting in its stead, a small drooping ostrich feather, which also, in its turn, he was by and by induced to lay aside altogether, as well as to assume more befitting clothing. They could not, however, dislodge from his crazed imagination the idea that he was confined in prison, awaiting his trial for the murder of his wife, and high treason!

He addressed her one morning, as Queen, receiving her with the most obsequious obeisances. He persisted in this hallucination with singular pertinacity. All poor Lady Anne's little familiarities and endearments were thenceforth at an end: for he seemed so abashed by her presence, that no efforts of condescension sufficed to reassure him, and she was compelled to support a demeanor consistent with the station which his crazed imagination assigned her. His great delight was to be sent on her royal errands about the house and grounds! He could hardly ever be prevailed upon to sit, at least at ease, in her presence; and was with great difficulty induced to eat at the same table. The agony I have seen in her eye on these occasions! Compelled to humour his delusions, she wore splendid dresses and jewels; and dismissed him on every occasion by coldly extending her hand, which he would kiss with an air of reverent loyalty! He believed himself to have been elevated to the rank of a general officer, and insisted on being provided with a military band, to play before his window every evening after dinner. He invited me, one day in the Queen's name, to dinner in his apartments, some time after this delusion had manifested itself. It was a soft September evening, and the country round about seemed every where bronzed with the touch of autumn. During dinner Sir Henry treated his lady with all the profound respect and ceremony due to royalty, and I, of course, was obliged to assume a similar deportment, while his lady was compelled to receive with condescending urbanity attentions, every one of which smote her heart as an additional evidence of the inveteracy of her husband's malady. I observed her narrowly. There was no tear in her eye—no flurry of manner—no sighing: her's was the deep silent anguish of a breaking heart!

How can I do justice to the virtues of this incomparable wife, or sufficiently extol her unwearied, her ennobling self-devotion to the welfare of her afflicted husband! Her only joy was to minister to his comfort, at whatever cost or feeling, or even health, at all hours, in all seasons; to bear with his infinite, incongruous whims, perversities, and provocation; to affect delight when he was delighted; to soothe and comfort him under all his imaginary grievances. Her whole thoughts, when absent from him, were absorbed in devising schemes for his amusement and occupation. She would listen to no entreaties for cessation from her anxious labours; no persuasions, no inducement, could withdraw her even for a moment from the dreary scene of her husband's humiliation and degradation. Hail, woman, exalted among thy sex! Eulogy would but tarnish and obscure the honour that is thy due!

All, however, was unavailing; the unhappy sufferer exhibited no symptoms of mental convalescence: on the other hand, his delusions became more numerous and obstinate than ever. He seemed to be totally unconscious of Lady Anne's being his wife; he treated her, and spoke of her, as an amiable companion, and even made her his confidant. Among other

vegaries, he communicated to her a long story about his attachment to a girl he had seen about the premises, and earnestly asked her opinion in what way he could most successfully make her an offer!

Shortly after dinner was removed, we drew our chairs—Lady Anne in the centre, seated on a sort of throne, specially provided for her by the Baronet—a circle round the ample bow window that overlooked the most sequestered part of the grounds connected with the establishment, as well as a sweep of fine scenery in the distance. In a bower a little to our right, was placed Sir Henry's band, who were playing very effectively various pieces of brilliant military music. By my direction, privately given beforehand, they suddenly glided, from a bold march, into a concert of French horns. Oh, how exquisite was that soft melancholy wailing melody! The hour—the deepening gloom of evening—the circumstances—the persons—were all in mournful keeping with the music to which we were listening in subdued silence. Lady Anne's tears stole fast down her cheeks, while her eyes were fixed with sad earnestness upon her husband, who sat in a low chair, a little on her left hand, his chin resting on the palm of his hand, gazing with a melancholy air on the darkening scenery without. Occasionally I heard Lady Anne struggling to subdue a sob, but unsuccessfully. Another, and another, and another forced its way—and I trembled lest her excitement should assume a more violent form. I saw her, almost unconsciously, lay her hand upon that of the Baronet, and clasp it with convulsive energy. So she held it for some moments, when the madman slowly turned round, looking her full in the face; his countenance underwent a ghastly change, and fixing on her an eye of demonic expression, he slowly rose in his seat, seeming to my disturbed fancy, an evil spirit called up by the witchery of music, and sprung out of the room. Lady Anne, with a faint groan, fell at full length upon the floor; her sister, shrieking wildly, strove to raise her in vain; I hurried after the madman, but finding his keeper was at his heels, returned. I never can forget that dreadful evening! Sir Henry rushed out of the house, sprung at one bound over a high fence, and sped across a field, amidst the almost impervious gloom of evening, with steps such as those of the monster of Frankenstein. His keeper, with all his efforts, could not gain upon him, and sometimes altogether lost sight of him. He followed him for nearly two miles, and at length found that he was overtaking the fugitive. When he had come up within a yard of him, the mad man turned round unexpectedly, struck his pursuer a blow that brought him to the ground, and immediately scrambled up into a great elm tree that stood near, from amidst whose dark foliage he was presently heard howling in a terrific manner; anon, there was a crashing sound amongst the branches, as of a heavy body falling through them, and Sir Henry lay stunned and bleeding upon the ground. Fortunately the prostrate keeper had called out loudly for assistance as he ran along; and his voice attracted one or two of the men whom I had despatched after him, and between the three, Sir Henry was brought home again to all appearance dead. An eminent surgeon in the neighbourhood was summoned in to his assistance, for I could not quit the chamber of Lady Anne—she was totally insensible, having fallen into a succession of swoons since the moment of Sir Henry's departure; Lady Julia was in an adjoining room, shrieking in violent hysterics; and, in short, it seemed not impossible that she might lose her reason, and Sir Henry and Lady Anne their lives. 'Tis a small matter to mention at such a crisis as this, but I recollect it forcibly arrested my attention at the time: the band of musicians, unaware of the catastrophe that had occurred, according to their orders, continued playing the music

that had been attended with such disastrous consequences; and as Lady Anne's bed-chamber happened to be in that part of the building nearest to the spot where the band were stationed, we continued to hear the sad wailing of the bugles and horns without, till it occurred to Mrs. Y. to send and silence them.—This little incidental circumstance—the sudden mysterious seizure of Sir Henry—the shrieks of Lady Julia—the swoons of Lady Anne—all combined—completely bewildered me. It seemed to be a dream.

I cannot—I need not dwell upon the immediate consequences of that sad night. Suffice it to say, Sir Henry was found to have received severe but not fatal injury, which, however, was skilfully and successfully treated; but he lay in a state of comparative stupor for near a week, at which period his mental malady resumed its wildest form, and rendered necessary the severest treatment. As for Lady Anne, her state became eminently alarming; and as soon as some of the more dangerous symptoms had subsided, we determined on removing her, at all hazards, from her present proximity to Sir Henry, to ——— Hall, trusting to the good effects of a total change of scene and of faces. She had not strength enough to oppose our measures, but suffered herself to be conducted from Somersetfield without an effort at complaint. I trembled to see an occasional vacancy in the expression of her eye; was it *impossible* that her husband's malady might prove at length contagious? Many weeks passed over her, before Lady Anne exhibited the slightest signs of amendment. Her shocks had been too numerous and severe—her anxieties and agonies too long continued—to warrant reasonable hopes of her ultimate recovery. At length, however, the lapse of friendly time, potent in assuaging the sorrows of mankind, the incessant and most affectionate attentions of her numerous relatives, were rewarded by seeing an improvement, slight though it was. The presence of her little boy powerfully engaged her attention. She would have him lying beside her on the bed for hours together; she spoke little to him, sleeping or waking; but her eye was ever fixed upon his little features, and when she was asleep, her fingers would unconsciously wreath themselves amongst his flaxen curls. About Sir Henry she made little or no enquiry; and when she did, we, of course, put the best face possible upon matters. Her frequent efforts to see and converse with him, had proved woefully and uniformly unsuccessful; and she seemed henceforth to give up the idea of all interference, with despair.

But the original, the direful occasion of all this domestic calamity, must not be overlooked. The contest respecting the title and estates of Sir Henry went on as rapidly as the nature of the case would permit. The new claimant was, as I think I hinted before, a man of low station; he had been, I believe, a sort of slave-driver, or factotum, on a planter's estate in one of the West India Islands: and it was whispered that a rich Jew had been persuaded into such confidence in the man's prospects, as to advance him, from time to time, on his personal security, the large supplies necessary to prosecute his claims with effect.

There were many matters of most essential consequence that no one could throw light upon but the unfortunate Baronet himself; and his solicitor had consequently, in the hope of Sir Henry's recovery, succeeded in interposing innumerable obstacles, with the hope, as well of wearing out his opponents, as affording every chance for the restoration of his client's sanity. It was, I found, generally understood in the family, that the solicitor's expectations of success in the lawsuit were far from sanguine: not that he believed the new claimant to be the *bona fide* heir to the title, but he was in the hands of those who would ransack the world for evidence—and, when it was wanting, make it. Every imaginable source of delay how-

ever—salvation to the one party, destruction to the other—was at length closed up; all preliminaries were arranged; the case was completed on both sides, and set down for hearing. Considerable expectation was excited in the public mind; occasional paragraphs hinted the probability of such and such disclosures; and it was even rumored that considerable bets were depending upon the issue!

I was in the habit of visiting Sir Henry once or twice a week. He became again calm as before the occasion of his last dreadful out-break; and his bodily health was complete. New delusions took possession of him. He was at one time composing a history of the whole world; at another, writing a memoir of every member that had ever sat in the House of Commons, together with several other magnificent undertakings. All, however, at length gave way to 'The Pedigree, a Tale of Real Life,' which consisted of a rambling, exaggerated account of his own lawsuit.—It was occasioned by his happening, unfortunately, to cast eye upon the following little paragraph in his newspaper, which chanced to have been overlooked by the person who was engaged for no other purpose than to read over the paper beforehand, and prevent any such allusions from meeting the eye of the sufferer.

'*Sir Henry Harleigh, Bart.* This unfortunate gentleman continues still greatly indisposed. We understand that little hope is entertained of his ultimate recovery. The result, therefore, of the approaching trial of 'Doe on the demise of Harleigh, v. Higges' will signify but little to the person principally interested.'

From the moment of his reading these lines, he fell into a state of profound melancholy—which was however, somewhat relieved by the task with which he had occupied himself, of recording his own misfortunes. He had resumed his former dress of green baize, as well as the intolerable peacock's feather. What could have conferred such a permanency upon, or suggested this preposterous penchant, I know not—except the interest he had formerly taken in a corps of riflemen, who were stationed near a house he had occupied in the country. He continued quiet and inoffensive.—His keeper's office was little else than a sinecure—till Sir Henry suddenly set him about making two copies of every page he himself composed!

I remember calling upon him one morning about this time, and finding him pacing about his chamber in a very melancholy mood. He welcomed me with more than his usual cordiality; and dismissing his attendant, said "Doctor, did you ever hear me speak in Parliament?" I told him I had not.

"Then you shall hear me now; and tell me candidly what sort of an advocate you think I should have made—for I have serious thoughts of turning my attention to the bar. I'll suppose myself addressing the jury on my own case—and you must represent the jury. Now!"—

He drew a chair and table towards a corner of the room,—mounted on it, having thrown a cloak over his shoulders, and commenced. Shall I be believed, when I declare that—as far as my judgment goes—I listened on that occasion, for nearly an hour, to an *orator*? He spoke, of course, in the third person; and stated in a simple and most feeling manner, his birth, education, fortune, family, marriage—his Parliamentary career—in short, his happiness, prosperity and pride. Then he represented the contemptuous indifference with which he treated the first communications about the attack meditated upon his title and property, as well as the conversation with which he subsequently discovered the formidable character of the claim set up against him. He begged me—the jury—to put myself in his place; to fancy his feelings; and proceeded to draw a masterly sketch of the facts of the case. He drew a lively picture of the secret misery he had endured—his

agony lest his wife should hear of the disastrous intelligence—his sleepless nights and harassing days—the horrid apprehensions of his adversary's triumph—the prospect of his own degradation—his wife—his child's beggary—till I protest he brought tears into my eyes. But, alas! at this point of his history, he mentioned his discovery of the mode of turning tallow into wax—and dashed off into an extravagant enumeration of the advantages of the speculation! There, before me, stood confessed—the madman—violent and frantic in his gestures, haranguing me, in my own person, on the prodigious wealth that would reward the projector; and had I not risen to go, he would probably have continued in the same strain for the remainder of the day! I had purposed calling that evening on Lady Anne, but I gave up the idea. The image of her insane husband would be too fresh in my mind. I felt I could not bear to see her, and think of him. What a lot was mine—thus alternating visits between the diseased in mind, and the diseased in body—and that between husband and wife—over whom was besides impending the chance, if not probability of total ruin! Oh, Providence—mysterious and awful in thy dispensations among the children of men!—who shall enquire into thy purposes, who question their wisdom or beneficence!

"Who sees not Providence supremely wise—  
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?"

My heart misgives me, however, that the reader will complain of being detained so long amongst these scenes of monotonous misery—I would I had those of a different character to present to him! Let me therefore draw my long narrative to a close by transcribing a few extracts from the later entries in my journal.

*Saturday, Nov. 5, 18—.* This was the day appointed for the trial of the important cause which was to decide the proprietorship of the title and possessions of Sir Henry Harleigh. Much interest was excited, and the court crowded at an early hour. Six of the most distinguished counsel at the bar had taken their seats, each with his ponderous load of papers before him, in the interest of Sir Henry, and three in that of his opponent. A special jury was sworn; the Judge took his seat; the cause was called on; the witnesses were summoned. The plaintiff's junior counsel rose to open the pleadings; after having paused for some time for the arrival of this client's attorney, who, while he was speaking, at length made his appearance, excessively pale and agitated. The plaintiff had been found dead in his bed that morning, having been carried thither in a state of brutal intoxication, the preceding night, from a tavern dinner with his attorney and witnesses. He died single, and there of course was an end of the whole matter that had been attended with such direful consequences to Sir Henry and his lady. But of what avail is the now established security of his title, rank and fortune to their unhappy owner? an outcast from society, from home, from family, from the wife of his bosom; even from himself! What signified the splendid intelligence to Lady Anne, perishing under the pressure of her misfortunes? Would it not a thousandfold aggravate the agonies she was enduring? It has been thought proper to entrust to me the difficult task of communicating the news to both parties, if I think it advisable that it should be done at all. What am I to do? What may be the consequence of the secret's slipping out suddenly from any of those around Lady Anne? About the Baronet I had little apprehension; I felt satisfied that he could not comprehend it; that whether he had lost or won the suit was a matter of equal moment to him!

As I had a patient to visit this morning, whose residence was near Somerset, I determined to take that opportunity of trying the effect of the intelligence on

Sir Henry. It was about two o'clock when I called, and I found him sitting by the fire, reading one of Shakespeare's plays. I gradually led his thoughts into a suitable train, and then told him, briefly, and pointedly, and accurately, his own history; up to the latest incident of all; but as of a third person, and that a nobleman. He listened to the whole with profound interest.

"God bless me!" he exclaimed, with a thoughtful air, as I concluded; "I surely must have either heard or read this story before! You don't mean to say it is a fact! That it has happened lately!"

"Indeed I do, Sir Henry," I replied, looking at him earnestly.

"And are the parties living! Lord and Lady —?"

"Both of them; at this moment; and not ten miles from where we are now sitting!"

"Indeed!" he replied, musingly; "that's unfortunate!"

"Unfortunate, Sir Henry!" I echoed with astonishment.

"Very; for my purpose. What do you suppose I have been thinking of all this while?" he replied, with a smile. "What a subject it would be for a tragedy! But, of course, since the parties are living, it would never do! Still I cannot help thinking that something might be made of it! One might disguise, and alter the facts."

"It is a tragedy of very real life!" I exclaimed, with a deep sigh.

"Indeed it is!" he replied, echoing my sigh; "it shows that fact often transcends all fiction; does it not? Now, if this had been the plot of a tale, or novel, people would have said: 'how improbable! how unnatural!'"

"Aye, indeed they would, Sir Henry," said I, unable to keep the tears from my eyes.

"Tis affecting," he replied, his eyes glistening with emotion, adding, after a moment's pause, in a somewhat tremulous tone—"Now, which of the two do you most pity, Doctor—Lord—or Lady——?"

"Both. I scarce know which most."

"How did they bear the news, by the way, do you know?" he enquired, with sudden interest.

"I believe Lady Mary — is in too dangerous circumstances to be told of it. They say she is dying!"

"Poor creature! What a melancholy fate! And she is young and beautiful, you say?"

"She is young, but not now beautiful, Sir Henry!"

"I wish it had not been all real!" he replied, looking thoughtfully at the fire. "What would Shakespeare have made of it! It would have been a treasure to the writer of King Lear? And how, pray, did Lord — receive the intelligence. 'Stop,' said he suddenly, 'stop—How can one imagine Shakespeare to have drawn the scene? How would he have made Lord — behave? Lot me see—an ordinary writer could make the madman roar, and stamp, and rave—and perhaps be at length sobered with the news—would not he?'"

"Very probably, Sir Henry, I replied faintly."

"Ah, very different, I imagine, would be the delineation of that master painter! Possibly he would make the poor madman listen to it all, as to a tale of another person? He would represent him as charmed with the truth and nature of the invention—poor, poor fellow!—commiserating himself in another! How profound the delusion! How consummately true to nature! How simple, but how wonderfully fine, would be the scene under SHAKESPEARE'S pencil!" continued Sir Henry, with a sigh, folding his arms on his breast, leaning back in his chair, and looking thoughtfully into the fire.

"Why, you are equal to Shakespeare yourself, then my dear Sir Henry."

"What!—what do you mean?" said he starting and turning suddenly towards me with some excitement, rather pleasurable, however, than otherwise—"Have I, then, —"

"You have described it EXACTLY as it happened!"

"No! Do you really say so? How do you know it, my dear Doctor?" said he, scarce able to sit in his chair, his countenance brightening with delight.

"Because I was present, Sir Henry; I communicated the intelligence," I replied, while every thing in the room seemed swimming round me.

"Good God, Doctor! Are you really in earnest?"

"As I live and breath in the sight of God, Sir Henry," I replied, as solemnly as my thick, hurried voice would let me, fixing my eye keenly upon him. He gave a horrible start and remained staring at me with an expression I cannot describe.

"Why—did you see that flash of lightning, Dr.?" he presently stammered, shaking from head to foot.

"Lightning, Sir Henry! Lightning!" I faltered on the verge of shouting for his keeper.

"Oh—pho!" he exclaimed, with a long gasp, "I—I beg your pardon! How nervous you have made me! Ha, ha, ha! attempting a laugh, that mocked him with its faintness; but really you do tell me such horrid tales, and look so dreadfully expressive while you are telling them—that—that—upon my soul—I cannot bear it! Pho! how hot the room is! Let us throw open the window and let in fresh air! He rose, and I with him. Thank God, he could not succeed, and I began to breathe freely again. He walked about, fanning himself with his pocket handkerchief. He attempted to smile at me, but it was in vain; he became paler and paler, his limbs seemed to stagger under him, and I had scarce time to drop him into a chair, before he fainted. I summoned his keeper to my assistance, and with the ordinary means, we soon restored Sir Henry to his consciousness.

"Ah! is that you?" he exclaimed, faintly smiling, as his eye fell upon the keeper. "I thought we had parted long ago! Why, where have you, or rather where have I been?"

At length, with the aid of a little wine and water, he recovered his self-possession.

"Heigh-ho! I shall be fit for nothing all the day, I am afraid! So I shall go and play at chess with the king. Is his majesty at liberty?"

My soul sunk within me; and seeing he was uneasy at my stay, I took my leave; but it was several hours before I quite recovered from the effects of perhaps the most agitating scene I ever encountered. I found it impossible to pay my promised visit to Lady Anne that evening. One such interview as the above is enough, not for a day, but a life: so I despatched a servant on horseback with a note, stating that I should call if possible, the next evening.

Sunday, Nov. 6.—I determined to call upon Sir Henry to-day, to see the effect, if any, produced by our yesterday's conversation. He had just returned from hearing Dr. Y— read prayers, and was perfectly calm. There was no alteration in his manner; and one of the earliest observations he made was, "Ah, Doctor, how you deceived me yesterday! What could I be thinking of, not to know that you were repeating, in another shape, the leading incident in—absolutely!—ha, ha!—my own tale of 'The Pedigree.'" 'Tis quite inconceivable how I could have forgotten it as you went on; but I have gained some valuable hints! I shall now get on with it rapidly, and have it at press as soon as possible. I hope it will be thought worthy by the world of the compliments you took occasion to pay me so delicately yesterday."

I took my leave of him, in despair. On reaching — Hall, in the evening, I found that the news with the delivery of which I fancied myself specially and exclusively charged, had, by some

means or other, found its way to her ladyship in an early hour in the afternoon of the preceding day. She had been but slightly agitated on hearing it; and the first words she murmured were a prayer that the Almighty would make the intelligence the means of her husband's restoration to reason; but for herself, she expressed perfect resignation to the Divine will, and a hope that the consolations of religion might not be withdrawn from her during the little interval that lay between her and hereafter. Surely, that pure prayer, proceeding from the depths of a broken heart, through guileless lips, found favour with her merciful Maker. Surely it was his influence that diffused thenceforth serenity and peace through the chamber of the dying sufferer; that extracted the keen thorn of mental agony; that healed the broken spirit, while it gently dissolved the elements of life, kindling amid the decaying fabric of an earthly tabernacle that light of faith and hope which shines

"Most vigorous when the body dies!"

Come hither a moment, ye that doubt or deny the existence of such an influence; approach with awful steps this deathbed chamber of youth, beauty, rank—or all loveliness in womanhood, and dignity in station—hither! and say, do you call mine "the deathbed of hope, the young spirit's grave?" Who is it that hath rolled back from this sacred chamber door the boisterous surges of this world's chicanery, and "hidden them that they come not near?"

It was true that Lady Anne was dying, and dying under bitter circumstances, as far as mere earthly considerations were concerned; but was it hard to die surrounded by such an atmosphere of "peace that passeth understanding?"

I found my sweet patient surrounded by her sisters, and one or two other ladies, propped up with pillows on a sort of couch, drawn before the fire, whose strong light fell full upon her face and showed me what havoc grief had made of her once beautiful features. She was then scarcely eight and twenty; and yet you might have guessed her forty! The light with which her full eyes once sparkled had passed away, and left them sunk deep in their sockets, laden with the gloom of death. Her cheeks were hollow, and the deep bordering of her cap added to their wasted and stricken appearance. One of her sisters, a very lovely woman, was sitting close beside her, and had always been considered her image; alas, what a woful disparity was now visible!

Lady Sarah, my patient's youngest sister, was stooping down upon the floor, when I entered, in search of her sister's wedding ring, which had fallen from a finger no longer capable of filling it. 'You had better wind a little silk about it,' whispered Lady Anne, as her sister was replacing it on the attenuated alabaster-hued finger from which it had dropped. 'I do not wish it ever to be removed again. Do it, love!' Her sister, in tears, nodded acquiescence, and left the room with the ring, while I seated myself in the chair she had quitted by her sister's side. I had time to ask only a few of the ordinary questions, when Lady Sarah reappeared at the door, very pale, and beckoned out one of her sisters to communicate the melancholy intelligence, that moment received, that their father, the old Earl, who had travelled up from Ireland, though in an infirm state of health, to see his dying daughter, at her earnest request,—had expired upon the road! In a few minutes, all present had, one by one, left the room, in obedience to similar signals at the door, and I was left alone with Lady Anne.

"Doctor," said she, calmly, "I am afraid something alarming has happened. See how they have hurried from the room!" I observed Sarah through that glass," said she, pointing me to a dressing-glass that stood so as to reflect whatever took place at the door.

"Are you aware of any thing that has happened?" I solemnly assured her to the contrary. She sighed—but evinced not the slightest agitation.

"I hope they will tell me all whatever it is, I thank God I believe I can bear it! but, Doctor," she pursued in the same calm tone, whatever that may be, let me take this opportunity of asking you a question or two about—Sir Henry. When did you see him?" I told her.

"Have you much hope of his case?" I hesitated. "Pray, Doctor, be frank with a dying woman!" said she, with solemnity. "Heaven will vouchsafe me strength to bear whatever you may have to tell me! How is it?"

"I—I—fear—that at present, at least, he is no worse, and certainly far more tranquil than formerly."

"Does he know of the event of Saturday? How did it affect him?"

"But little, my lady. He did not seem quite to comprehend it." She shook her head slowly, and sighed.

"I hope your ladyship has received consolation from the intelligence?"

"Alas, what should it avail me! But there is my child. Thank God, he will not now be a beggar! Heaven watch over his orphan years!" I thought a tear trembled in her eye, but it soon disappeared.

"Doctor," she added, in a fainter tone even than before, for she was evidently greatly exhausted, "one word more! I am afraid my weakness has from time to time occasioned you much trouble—if the frequent attempts I have made to see my husband—my poor lost Henry!" She paused for several seconds.

"But the word is spoken from on high; I shall never see him again on this side the grave! I have written a letter to him, which I wish to be delivered to him after I shall be no more, provided—he be capable of it!"—again she paused. "It is lying in my portfeuille below, and is sealed with black. It contains a lock of my hair, and I have written a few lines—but nothing that can pain him. Will you take the charge of it?" I bowed in respectful acquiescence. She extended her wasted fingers towards me, in token of her satisfaction. I can give the reader, I feel, no adequate idea of the solemn, leisurely utterance with which all the above was spoken. In her manner there was the profound composure of consciously approaching dissolution. She seemed beyond the reach of her former agitation of feeling—shielded, as it were, with a merciful apathy. I sat beside her, in silence, for about a quarter of an hour. Her eyes were closed, and I thought she was dozing. Presently one of her sisters, her eyes swollen with weeping, stepped softly into the room, and sat down beside her.

"Who is dead, love?" enquired Lady Anne, without opening her eyes. Her sister made no reply, and there was a pause. "He would have been here before this, but for"—muttered Lady Anne, breaking off abruptly. Still her sister made no reply. "Yes—I feel it; my father is dead!" exclaimed Lady Anne, adding in a low tone, "if I had but strength to tell you of my dream last night! Call them all in—call them all in; and I will try, while I have strength," she continued with more energy and distinctness than I had heard during the evening. Her eye opened suddenly, and settled upon her sister.

"Do not delay—call them all in to hear my dream!" exclaimed Lady Anne, her eye glancing at me with sudden brightness. "There he is—he wishes to see his children around him, poor old man!" A faint and somewhat wild smile lit her pale features for a moment. "I hear them on the stairs—they must not find me thus. I am getting cold!" She suddenly rose from her chair, drew her dress about her, and walked to the bed. Her maid that moment entered, assisted in draw-

ing the clothes over her. I followed, and begged her to be calm. Her pulse fluttered fast under my finger.

"I should not have hastened so much," said she, feebly, "but he is beckoning to me!" At this moment her sisters entered the room. "The lights are going out, and yet I see him!" she whispered, almost inarticulately. "Julia—Sarah—Elizabeth—Elizabeth—Eliza—El"—she murmured; her cold hand suddenly closed upon my fingers, and I saw that the brief struggle was over!

Her poor sisters, thus in one day doubly bereaved, were heart-broken. What a house of mourning was—Hall! I felt that my presence was oppressive.—What could I do to alleviate grief so profound—to stanch wounds so recent! I therefore took my leave shortly after the decease of Lady Anne. As I was walking down the grand staircase, I was overtaken by the nursery maid, carrying down the little orphan son of her ladyship.

"Well, my poor little boy," said I, stopping her, and patting the child on the cheek, "what brings you about so late as this?"

"Deed, sir," replied the girl, sobbing, "I don't know what has come to Master Harry to-night! He was well enough all day; but ever since seven o'clock, he's been so restless, that we didn't know what to do with him. He's now dozing, and then waking; and his little moans are very sad to hear. Hadn't he better have some quieting physic, sir?"

The child looked, indeed, all she said. He turned from the light, and his little face was flushed and feverish.

"Has he asked after his mamma?"

"Yes, sir, often, poor dear thing! He wants to go to her; he says he will sleep with her to-night, or he won't go to bed at all," said the girl, sobbing; "and we daren't tell him that—that—he's no mamma to go to any more!"

I thought of the FATHER—then of the son—then of the precious link between them that lay severed and broken in the chamber above; and with moist eyes and a quivering lip, kissed the child and left the Hall. It was a wretched November night. The scene without harmonized with the gloom within. The country all around was wrapped in a dreary winding-sheet of snow; the sleet came down without ceasing; and the wind moaned as it were a dirge for the dead. Alas for the dead! Alas for the early dead! The untimely dead!

Alas, alas, for the living!

Tuesday, Nov. 8th.—"On Sunday, the 6th November, at — Hall, of rapid decline, Lady Anne, wife of Sir Henry Harleigh, Bart., and third daughter of the late Right Hon. the Earl of — whom she survived only one day."

Such was the record of my sweet patient's death that appeared in to-day's papers. Alas, of what a sum of woes are these brief entries the exponents! How little does the eye that hastily scans them see of the vast accumulations of suffering which are there represented!

This entry was full before my eyes when I called to-day upon Sir Henry, who was busily engaged at billiards in the public room with Dr. Y—. He played admirably, but was closely watched by the Doctor, and so eager in the game, that he had hardly time to ask me how I was. I stood by till he proved the winner, and great was his exultation.

"I'll play you for a hundred pounds, Doctor!" said Sir Henry; and give you a dozen!"

"Have you nothing to say to your friend, Doctor?" replied Dr. Y—, who knew that I had called for the purpose of attempting to make Sir Henry sensible of the death of Lady Anne.

"Oh yes; I'll play with him; but before I lay odds, we must try our skill against one another. Come Doctor," extending the cue; you shall begin!"

"Of course I excused myself and succeeded in enticing him to his apartment, by mentioning his tale of the "Pedigree."

"Ah, true," said he briskly; "I'm glad you've thought of it! I wish to talk to you on the subject."

We were soon seated together before the fire, he with manuscripts lying on his knee.

"And what have you done with the wife?" said I, pointedly.

"Oh, Lady Mary? Why—let me see. By the way—in your version of my story, the other day—how did you dispose of her?" he enquired curiously.

I heaved a deep sigh. "God Almighty has disposed of her since then," said I, looking him full in the face. "He has taken her gentle spirit to himself; she has left a dreary world, Sir Henry!" He looked at me with a puzzled air.

"I can't for the life of me make you out, Doctor! What do you mean? What are you talking of! Whom are you confounding with my heroine? Some patient you have just left? Your wife are wool-gathering?"

"To be serious, Sir Henry," said I, putting my handkerchief to my eyes, "I am thinking of one who has but within this day or two, ceased to be my patient! Believe me—believe me, my dear Sir Henry, her case—very closely—resembled the one you describe in your story. Oh, how sweet—how beautiful—how resigned!"

He made no reply, but seemed considering my words—as if with a reference to his own fiction.

"I can tell you, I think, something that will affect you, Sir Henry!" I continued.

"Aye! What is that? What is that?"

"She once knew you?"

"Knew me! What, intimately?"

"Very—very! She mentioned your name on her deathbed: she uttered a fervent prayer for you!"

"My God!" he exclaimed, removing his papers from his knee, and placing them on the table, that he might listen more attentively to me; "how astonishing! Was can it be?" he continued, putting his hand to his forehead—"Why, what was her name?"

I paused, and sickened at the contemplation of the possible crime. "I—I—perhaps—it might not be prudent to mention her name!"

"Oh, do! do! he interrupted me eagerly,—"I know what you are afraid of; but honour! Her name shall be safe with me! I cannot be base enough to talk of it!"

"Lady Anne Harleigh!" I uttered with a quivering lip.

"Po—po—poh, he stammered, turning pale as ashes, and trembling violently, "What—wh—at do you mean? Are you talking about my wife?"

"Yes—your wife, my dear bereaved Sir Henry; but your little boy still lives to be a comfort to you?"

"—the boy!" said he, uttering, or rather gasping a violent imprecation, continuing, in a swelling voice, "You were talking about my wife!"

"For heaven's sake, be calm," said I, rising.

"My wife!" he continued exclaiming, not in the way of an enquiry, but simply shouting the word, while his face became transformed almost beyond recognition. \* \* \* I shall, however, spare the reader the scene which followed. He got calm and pacified by the time I took my leave, for I had pledged myself to come and play a game at billiards with him on the morrow. On quitting the chamber, I entered the private room of Dr. Y—; and while he was putting some questions to me about Sir Henry, he suddenly became inaudible,—invisible for I was fainting with excitement and agitation, occasioned by the scene I have alluded to.

"Depend upon it, my Dear Doctor, you are mistaken," said Dr. Y— pursuing the conversation,

shortly after I had recovered, "Sir Henry's case is by no means hopeless—by no means!"

"I would I could think so? If this madness has stood too such tremendous assaults with impunity, rely upon it, it is impregnable. It will not be accessible by any inferior—nay, by any whatever."

"Ah, quite otherwise—*esperto crede!*" replied the quiet Doctor, helping himself to a glass of wine; "the shocks you have alluded to have really, though invisibly, shaken the fortress; and now we will try what *sapping—undermining—*will do—well followed out in figure, by the way is it not? But I'll tell you a remarkable case of a former patient of mine, which is quite in point."

"Pray, forgive me, my dear Doctor, pray excuse me at present. I really have no heart to listen to it; I am, besides all in arrears with my day's work, for which I am quite unfit, and will call again in a day or two."

"*Nimporte!*—Be it so—'twill not lose by the keeping," replied the Doctor, good-humouredly; and shaking him by the hand, I hurried to my chariot, and drove off. Experience certainly had not *sharpened* the sensibilities of Dr. Y.!

[Bear with me, kind reader! Suffer me to lay before you yet one or two brief concluding extracts from this mournful portion of my Diary. If your tears flow, if your feelings are touched, believe, 'tis not with romance—it is with the sorrows of actual life. "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting; for that is the end of all men—and the living will lay it to his heart."]

Nov. 9th to 14th *inclusive*. Between these periods I called several times at Somerfield House, but saw little alteration in Sir Henry's deportment or pursuits, except that he was at times, I heard, very thoughtful, and had entirely laid aside his tale, taking, in its place, to chess! He grew very intimate with the crazy gentleman before mentioned, who was imagined, both by himself and Sir Henry, to be the king. More than once, the keeper warned Dr. Y. to interfere for the purpose of separating them, for he feared lest they should be secretly concerting some dangerous scheme or other. Dr. Y. watched them closely, but did not consider it necessary to interrupt their intercourse. I found Sir Henry one evening, sitting with his friend, the king, and their two keepers, very boisterous over their wine. Sir Henry staggered towards me, on my entry, singing snatches of a drinking song, which were attempted to be echoed by his majesty, plainly far gone. I remonstrated with the keepers, full of indignation and alarm at their allowing two madmen the use of wine.

"Lord, Doctor," said one of them, smiling, taking a decanter, and pouring out a glass of its contents, "taste it, and see how much it would take to intoxicate a man."

I did; it was toast and water, of which the lunatics had drunk several decanters, exclaiming all the while of their being allowed nothing but sherry! I need hardly add, that they had, in a manner, *talked*, and laughed, and sung themselves tipsy! Sir Henry, with a hiccup—whether real or affected I knew not—insisted on my joining them, and told his majesty of the hour I had lately been playing upon him, by "getting up" his own "tale," and mystifying him with telling it of another. His majesty shouted with laughter.

Wednesday, Nov. 16.—This was the day appointed for the funeral of Lady Anne, which I was invited to attend. I set apart, therefore, a day for that melancholy, that sacred purpose. I was satisfied that no heavier heart could follow her to the grave than mine.

It was a fine day. The sky was brightly, deeply blue, and the glorious sun was there, dazzling, but apparently not warming, the chilly earth. As I drove slowly down to the Hall, about noon, with whataching eyes did I see here a scarlet jacketed huntsman,

there a farmer at his work whistling; while the cheery sparrows, fluttering about the bare twigs, and chirruping loudly, jarred upon my excited feelings, and brought tears into my eyes, as I recollected the words of the Scotch song,

"Ye'll break my heart, ye merry birds."

In vain I strove to banish the hideous image of Sir Henry from my recollection—he seemed to stand gibbering over the corpse of his lady!—Hall was a spacious building, and a blank desolate structure it looked from amidst the leafless trees—all its windows closed—nothing stirring about it but the black hearse, mourning coaches and carriages with coachmen and servants in sable silk hat-bands. On descending, and entering the Hall, I hastened out of the gloomy bustle of the undertaker's arrangements below, to the darkened drawing-room, which was filled with the distinguished relatives and friends of the deceased—a silent, mournful throng! Well, it was not long before her remains, together with those of her father, the Earl of ——— were deposited in the vault which held many members of their ancient family. I was not the only one whose feelings overpowered him during the ceremony, and unfitted me in some measure, for the duty which awaited me on my return, of ministering professionally to the heart-broken sisters. Swoons, hysterics, sobs and sighs, did I move amongst during the remainder of the day! Nearly all the attendants of the funeral left the Hall soon afterwards to the undisturbed dominion of solitude and sorrow: but I was prevailed upon by Lord ———, their brother, to continue all night, as Lady Julia's continued agitation threatened serious consequences.

It was at a late hour that we separated for our respective chambers. That allotted to me had been the one formerly occupied by Sir Henry and his lady, and was a noble, but to me, gloomy room. Though past one o'clock, I did not think of getting into bed, but trimmed my lamp, drew a chair to the table beside the fire, and having brought with me pen, ink, and paper, began writing, amongst other things, some of these memoranda, which are incorporated into this narrative, for I felt too excited to think of sleep. Thus had I been engaged for some twenty minutes or half an hour, when I laid down my pen to listen; for, unless my ears had deceived me, I heard the sound of soft music at a little distance. How solemn was the silence at that witching hour! Through the crimson curtains of the window, which I had partially drawn aside, was seen the moon, casting her lovely smiles upon the sleeping earth, and quiet as in her immediate presence. How tranquil was all before me, how mournful all within! The very room in which I was standing had been occupied, in happier times, by her, whose remains had that day been deposited in their last cold resting place!

At length more dreary thoughts, of Somerfield; of its wretched insensate tenant, flitted across my mind. I drew back again the curtain, and returning to the chair I had quitted, resumed my pen. Again, however I heard the sound of music; I listened, and distinguished the tones of a voice, accompanied by a guitar, singing the melancholy air, "Charley is my darling," with exquisite simplicity and pathos. I stepped again to the window, for the singer was evidently standing close before it. I gently drew aside a little of the curtain, and saw two figures, one at a little distance, the other very near the window. The latter was the minstrel, who stood exactly as a Spaniard is represented in such circumstances; a short cloak over his shoulders; and the colour fled from my cheeks, my eyes were almost blinded, for I perceived it was Sir Henry, accompanied by the wretch whom he treated as "the king"! I stood staring at him unseen, as if transfixed, till he completed his song. He paused.

'They all sleep sound,' he exclaimed with a sigh, looking with a melancholy air at the windows—'Wake, lady-love, wake!' He began again to strike the strings of his guitar, and was commencing a merry air, when a window was opened overhead. He looked up suddenly; a faint shriek was heard from above; Sir Henry flung away his guitar, and, followed by his companion, sprung out of sight in a moment! Every one in the house was instantly roused. The shriek I had heard was that of Lady Elizabeth, the youngest sister of Lady Anne, who had recognized Sir Henry; and it was providential that I happened to be on the spot. Oh, what a dreadful scene ensued! Servants were sent out, as soon as they could be dressed, in all directions, in pursuit of the fugitives, who were not, however, discovered till day-break. Sir Henry's companion was then found, lurking under one of the arches of a neighbouring bridge, half dead with cold; but he either could not, or would not, give any information respecting the Baronet. Two keepers arrived post at the Hall by seven o'clock, in search of the fugitives.

It was inconceivable how the madmen could have escaped. They had been very busy the preceding day whispering together in the garden, but had art enough to disarm any suspicion that circumstance might excite, by a seeming quarrel. Each retired in apparent anger to his apartment; and when the keeper came to summon them to supper, both had disappeared. It was supposed that they had mounted some of the very many coaches that traversed the road adjoining, and their destination, therefore, baffled conjecture.

Advertisements were issued in all directions, offering a large reward for his capture; but with no success. No tidings were received of him for upwards of a week; when he one day suddenly made his appearance at the Hall, towards dusk, very pale and haggard; his dress in a wretched state; and demanded admission of a new porter, as the owner of the house. Enquiry was soon made, and he was recognized with a shriek by some of the female domestics. He was, really, no longer a lunatic; though he was believed such for several days. He gave, however, unequivocal evidence of his restoration to reason; but the grief and agony occasioned by discovering the death of his lady, threw him into a nervous fever, which left him at the end of five months, 'more dead than alive.' Had I not attended him throughout, I declare I could not have recognised Sir Henry Harleigh in the haggard, emaciated figure, closely muffled up from head to foot, and carried into an ample travelling chariot, and-four, which was to convey him towards the continent. He never returned to England: but I often heard from him, and had the satisfaction of knowing that for several years he enjoyed tolerable health, though the prey of unceasing melancholy. The death of his son, however, which happened eight years after the period when the events above related occurred, was a voice from the grave, which he listened to with resignation. He died, and was buried in Italy, shortly after the publication of the first of these papers. I shall never forget that truly amiable, though unfortunate individual, whose extraordinary sufferings are here related under a disguise absolutely impenetrable to more than one or two individuals. They will suffer the public to gather, undisturbed, the solemn instruction which I humbly hope and believe this narrative is calculated to afford, as a vivid and memorable illustration of that passage from Scripture already quoted, and with which, nevertheless, I conclude this melancholy history. 'And in my prosperity, I said, I shall never be moved. Lord, by thy favour thou hast made my mountain to stand strong: thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled.'

## THE GOINGS NORTH OF GOD.

An extract from 'The Meniac Minstrel, a Tale of Palestine.' (MS.) by OTWAY CURRY.

GOD WALKETH ON THE EARTH. The purling rills And mightier streams before him glance away, Rejoicing in his presence. On the plains, And spangled fields, and in the mazy vales, The living throngs of earth before him fall With thankful hymns, receiving from his hand Immortal life and gladness. Clothed upon With burning crowns the mountain heralds stand, Proclaiming to the blossoming wilderness The brightness of his coming, and the power Of Him who ever liveth, all in all!

GOD WALKETH ON THE OCEAN. Brilliantly The glassy waters mirror back his smiles The surging billows and the gamboling storms Come crouching to his feet. The hoary deep And the green gorgeous islands, offer up The tribute of their treasures, pearls and shells, And crown-like drapery of the flashing foam, And solemnly the tessellated halls, And coral domes, of mansions in the depths, And gardens of the golden sanded seas, Blend with the anthems of the chiming waves Their allelujahs unto Him who rules The invisible armies of eternity.

GOD JOURNEETH IN THE SKY. From sun to sun, From star to star the living lightnings flash; And pealing thunder through all space proclaim The goings forth of Him, whose potent arm Perpetuates existence, or destroys. From depths unknown, unsearchable, profound, Forth rush the wandering comets; girt with flames, They blend in order true with marshalling hosts Of starry worshippers. The unhallowed orb Of earth-born fire that cleaves the hazy air, Blanched by the flood of uncreated light, Fly with the fleeting winds and misty clouds Back to their homes, and deep in darkness lie.

GOD JOURNEETH IN THE HEAVENS. Refulgent stars, And glittering crowns of prostrate seraphim, Emboss his burning path. Around him fall Dread powers—dominions—hosts—and kingly <sup>armies.</sup>

Angels of God—adoring millions—join With spirits pure, redeemed from distant worlds, In coral songs of praise.—'Thee we adore, For thou art mighty. Everlasting spheres Of light and glory in thy presence wait; Time, space, life, light, dominion, majesty, Truth, wisdom—are all thine, Jehovah! Thou FIRST, LAST, SUPREME, ETERNAL POTENTATE.'

Ch. Merv.

## SPANISH EVENING HYMN.

Aye! now let prayer and music Meet in love on shore and sea! Now, sweet mother! may the weary Turn from this cold world to thee.

From the dark and restless waters Hear the sailor's hymn arise! From his watch-fire, midst the mountains, Lo! to thee the shepherd cries.

Yet, where thus full hearts find voices, If o'erburden'd souls there be, Dark and silent in their anguish, Aid those captives—set them free!

Touch them, every fount unsealing, Where the frozen tears lie deep; Thou, the Mother of all sorrows, Aid, oh! aid to pray and weep!

From the New England Magazine.  
**Autobiography of Mathew Carey.**  
 LETTER VIII.

I next published the Porcupiniad, a Hudibrastic poem, in which I gave a great number of extracts to show the scurrilous and abusive nature of Cobbet's paper. I turned some of his paragraphs into Hudibrastic verse, and it is wonderful how smoothly they ran, in many instances, with the alteration of a single word or two—and often without the alteration of a letter.  
*"The same villains on the same evening, arm'd in the same way, came to the house also. My clerk did not call me down. If he had, and if they had struck me, THEY WOULD NOW BE IN HELL."*—Porcupine's Gazette, Feb. 1, 1799.

The self same villains, sameway arm'd,  
 My house on that same night alarm'd;  
 My clerk to call me down forgot—  
 Had he, hard would have been their lot.  
 If they had struck me, mark me well,  
 They would ere now be lodged in hell.\*

"It must be a republican to belie a fallen republic. You are like porpoises, the moment one receives a wound, the rest gather round and devour him."—December 6, 1798.

None but republican so base,  
 As to belie and heap disgrace,  
 On fall'n republics. You are all,  
 Vile porpoises, both great and small,  
 The moment one receives a wound,  
 The rest, instant, gather round,  
 And seizing their devoted prey,  
 Tear and devour him straitway.

"Let them write on, till their old pens are worn to the stump: let the Devils sweat; let them fire their balls at my reputation, till the very press cries out murder. If ever they hear me whine or complain, I will give them leave to fritter my carcass, and trail my guts along the street, as the French sansculottes did those of Thomas Mauduit." *Life of Porcupine*, p. vii.

Let them with perfect freedom write;  
 And to the stump their pens wear quite;  
 I'll let the wretched Devils sweat,  
 And all their base attacks repeat;  
 Let them my precious fame belie,  
 Till e'en the press shall murder cry;  
 If they should ever hear me whine,  
 Or at their calumny repine,  
 I ne'er shall even once grieve,  
 That they my carcass fritter and flay,

"Should any critic be disposed to be severe on some of these lines as harsh and unpoetical, let him examine Hudibras, the grand prototype of this species of versification, and he will find couplets infinitely more harsh than any of mine—as, for example:

And shine upon me but benignly,  
 With that one and the other pigmy.—Hudibras, p. II. c. 1, 360.

If we permit men to run headlong,  
 T' exorbitances fit for bedlam."—Idem, p. 1, c. II. 655.

Was no dispute afoot between,  
 The caterwauling brethren?"—Idem 701.

'Twas nothing so. Both sides were balanc'd  
 So equal, none knew which was valiant."—Idem 807.

Ward, author of England's Reformation, a celebrated Hudibrastic writer, took equal liberties.

That every one may understand,  
 What sort of faith we are to teach the land.—England's Reformation Canto II.

The doctrines taught in every one,  
 The perfect contradiction.—Ibid.

And in plain syllables declare,  
 That only bread and wine are present there.—Ibid.

And trail my guts along the street,  
 As erst the French serv'd Mauduit.

"Gullibility is far from being the characteristic of Americans in the common concerns of life; but in politics they have shown themselves most miserably shallow. They have been the dupes of every artful rascal, who has thought it worth his while to deceive them."—P't G. November 8, 1798.

'Th' Americans, I know full well,  
 In small affairs, a'nt gullible,  
 In politics, they're very shallow.  
 And dup'd by ev'ry artful fellow,  
 Or rascal, who thinks worth his while,  
 Their easy nature to beguile."

"Shoot and hack away, my brave fellows! You cannot strike amiss. Lay about you on all sides: and, like Hercules of old, when you have rid the world of all other monsters, conclude by doing justice on yourselves. So shall your vile carcasses become a prey to the beasts of the forest and to the fowls of the air, and the earth shall have peace. Amen."—Sept. 17, 1797.

Shoot, hack away, my fellows brave,  
 Nor child, nor man, nor woman save.  
 You cannot strike amiss, ne'er doubt you  
 On all sides fiercely lay about you,  
 And when, like Hercules, you kill  
 All other monsters, then fulfil  
 Decree of justice on yourselves.  
 You Democratic, dev'ish elves.  
 So shall, our terrors to allay,  
 Your carcasses become a prey  
 To fowls in air, and beasts in den;  
 And wearied earth have peace again,  
 I, William Cobbett, sing Amen.

"This wolf-like trick, is an exact emblem of the general conduct of the brutes of Democracy all over the world."—December 24, 1798.

This wolf-like trick exactly suits  
 Democracy's most furious brutes.

"I hope destruction will light on me and mine, if ever I do any thing either directly or indirectly to aid or assist him."—May 24, 1798.

Destruction light on me and mine,  
 If ever I should once incline,  
 By means direct, or indirect,  
 To aid the catfif, or protect.

"Send me a file of your papers, you trimming rascals, and you shall see what pretty creatures I'll make of you. I'll cook you up into a dish fit for the Devil."—Idem, Jan 28, 1798.

Of your newspapers send a file,  
 You trimming rascals, base and vile;  
 What pretty creatures I shall make you!  
 I'll make your warmest friends forsake you.  
 To my old patron, I'll be civil,  
 A dish I'll cook you for the Devil.

"With this before their eyes, the house of Representatives sit debating, shilly shally, whipping the devil round the post, and no energetic measure is adopted, no strong alien bill or sedition law is passed, nor is any declaration of war made, by which traitors can in the eye of the law, be found guilty and punished."—Idem, June 19 1798.

Congress, alas! are still debating,  
 Shilly shally, hesitating:  
 Whipping the Devil round the post,  
 And so much precious time is lost,  
 No bill 'gainst Aliens do they pass,  
 Nor strong sedition law, alas!  
 Nor do the cowards dare declare  
 Against the French a state of war.

I presume this is enough for the present letter. My next shall furnish another collection, equally creditable to the taste of the public by whom Cobbett was patronized.

Philadelphia, Jan. 2, 1834.

## LETTER IX.

I give a few more extracts to shew the authoritative and imperious style used by Cobbet, and his dictation to the government.

"Can there be any stronger evidence than these, that you do not possess the public confidence; and that, although by some fatality or other, you fill seats in Congress, you are really not the representatives of the people at this moment, nor the organs of their will and opinion? What do you wait for more? Are you resolved to hang as dead weights, and to stop the wheels of government, until the people rise and take you by the shoulders, as Cromwell did the rump, in the last century, and turn you out of doors?"—June 26th, 1798.

And will you, pray, dare make pretence  
To enjoy the public confidence?  
Although you fill the Congress seats,  
You are a pack of very cheats:  
I pray, why will you longer wait?  
Will you still hang a deadly weight,  
To stop the governmental wheel,  
And overturn the commonweal?  
Wait you until the people rise,  
Your various misdeeds to chastise,  
And out doors turn you in a rage,  
As Cromwell serv'd the rump last age?"

"Were I the king (there is but one upon earth,) I would immediately declare war against the Danes and Swedes. People in general are not aware of the mischief these peddling monarchs have done. I pray to God to reward them with a revolution."—March 1, 1799.

Were I the king (what jubilee!)  
There is but one—and George is he—  
I would directly war declare,  
'Gainst Danes and Swedes. Few are aware  
How much their peddling kings have done  
Of mischief, which they'll ne'er atone.  
I pray, O God! reward them well,  
With revolutions dire from hell!

"In all combats or rencontres—in all transactions of peace or war, between Englishmen and Dutchmen, the perfidy of the latter, and particularly their atrocious conduct towards the British army, ought ever to be remembered. If I could save one of these sniggering rascals from sinking in the Delaware, I would not do it. To forgive the crimes of the Dutch is one of the most base offences against nature that a Briton can commit."—Jan. 1, 1798.

In each rencontre, or affair,  
Twixt Dutch and English, peace or war,  
The Dutchman's perfidy ought not  
A single moment be forgot,  
If I a snigger-snee could save  
From sinking in the Del'ware wave,  
Perdition on me if I'd do it,  
I'd make the rascals surely rue it.  
'The crimes of Dutchmen to forgive,  
Must surely be, as I'm alive,  
'Gainst nature, the offence most base,  
That can on Briton heap disgrace.

"Let us hope that the Methodist Preachers all over the country will follow this gentleman's example. The Methodists ought to fight as well as other people. The sword and the word have often co-operated, and such a co-operation is at this time ten thousand times more necessary than ever. There ought to be, and there must be, a real crusade, a holy war, against the infidel reprobate French. To kill one of them in field of battle, will merit more in the eyes of God, than praying and singing psalms for a hundred years."—July 11, 1798.

Let us the Methodists exhort,  
As well as other folks, to fight:  
Let the word and sword co-operate,  
To save the holy ark of state;  
'Tis thousand times more needful now,  
Than in times past, all wars allow:

Let's boldly make a grand crusade—  
And quick the gallic lands invade;  
T'attack the French in field of battle,  
And butcher them like sheep or cattle;  
Will gain of grace a greater store,  
And please the God of Mercy more,  
Than singing psalms a hundred years,  
Or tearing heav'n with pray'rs and tears.

"The rascal deserves to have a red-hot wire run through his tongue."—July 11, 1798.

Run through his tongue a red-hot wire—  
No less deserves this rascal dire,

"And yet the sound of peace re-echoes through the land! O lasting disgrace! Rivers of blood will not wash it away!"—May 26, 1798.

Still through the land, the sound of peace,  
Re-echoes! O what dire disgrace!  
Rivers of blood, you'd use in vain,  
To wash away the hideous stain!

"It would be a happy thing if the accursed art of printing could be totally destroyed, and obliterated from the human mind."—Sept. 1, 1798.

O what a glorious theme for joy,  
Could we with vandal rage destroy,  
And from mankind obliterate  
Printing, thou art most reprobate.

The Porcupiniad closed the controversy, Cobbet made no attempt at reply, and never, as far as I recollect, had my name in his paper after the publication, except once or twice, and then only incidentally.

In 1796 there was an association in the city of Philadelphia, of which Dr. Leib, Dr. Reynolds, John Beckly, W. Duane, J. Clay, and B. F. Baché, were the prime leaders. As the name and character of Gen. Washington were employed as a species of argument in favour of the treaty, it was debated among the leaders for a considerable time, whether the validity of this argument, that is, the character and merits of Gen. Washington, should be canvassed. At length, in an evil hour, it was resolved to assail Gen. Washington in the Aurora, and in pamphlets, of which a number appeared, some of them coarse and vulgar. Among the rest, the spurious letters published, as those of Washington, during the Revolutionary war, and the attacks on the General in an old pamphlet, of which I forget the title, wherein he was charged with the murder of a Frenchman bearing a flag of truce, during the war of 1756. A Pole, of the name of Tzislney, who acted as bookkeeper for Mr. Duane, wrote a pamphlet, the object of which was to prove the utter incapacity of Gen. Washington as displayed during the revolution.

These violent measures, which did more to injure the cause of Democracy than all the efforts of its enemies could have done in five years, were carried, as I was given to understand, through the influence of Dr. Leib and Dr. Reynolds, two men of ardent temperament; the latter of whom was among the most imprudent of men. The publications were highly pernicious to B. F. Baché, who, till that period, was popular on account of his amiable manners and his descent from Dr. Franklin. The Aurora was ably conducted, and had had a very extensive circulation. But the attacks on Gen. Washington blasted Baché's popularity, and almost ruined the paper. Subscribers withdrew in crowds—and the advertising custom sank to insignificance.

Dr. Reynolds was the most unfortunate of men in all his undertakings. Unlike Milton, whose touch turned every thing he came in contact with, into gold, every thing in which the Doctor was concerned, eventuated unprosperously. On one occasion, he stationed himself in the yard of St. Mary's Church, on Sunday, with a chair, table and desk, to procure subscribers to a memorial to Congress against a proposed bill

teration in the laws respecting citizenship, which went to extend the time of probation for emigrants. The majority of the congregation were federalists, and hostile to the object of Dr. Reynolds. A rash young man gave him a shove, and upset his table and desk—a scuffle ensued, in which the doughty hero of the memorial was severely handled—thrown to the ground—and his clothes torn—He was finally taken by constables, followed by at least 500 men and boys, to the House of Judge McKean, by whom he was at once released. What became of the affair afterwards, I have forgotten. So convinced was I of the fatality of his efforts, that I once told him, half jest, half earnest, that if I were a leading federalist, I would give him 500 dollars a year to take an active part in the affairs of the Democrats, for so surely as he did, so surely would they be utterly blasted.

MATHEW CAREY.

Philadelphia, Jan. 6th, 1834.

From the Western Monthly Magazine.

#### A SKETCH.

From the blank-book of a Sexagenarian.

'Come what may, you will never find the happiness you seek; you exact too much from the ideal.'

The prophetess spoke truth; but I had worshipped the ideal too long to heed the admonition; and I turned again to the ever-smiling countenance of Hope, who still urged me onward.

Oh, Hope! fair is thy form to the vision of youth and experience. Softly dost thou linger with us in the spring-time of existence. Beautiful are thy pictures of happiness, and sweet are the tones of promise with which thou dost betray us. Lovely, fair, but ever in the dim distance, is the goal of contentment and joy which thou dost point out to us; and we struggle forward, amid strife, and toil, and sorrow—still by thee deceived, and still seduced—until we totter to the brink of the grave, to hear the only truth which thou dost ever utter. It tells of peace in heaven.

I stood at morning upon the the peninsula of Apeheron, and the restless waters of the Caspian were sparkling before me in the sunlight. Noon came and passed; but the promised boon came not. It never came.

'Well, well,' I exclaimed, 'I can die here. The cold waves shall sing my requiem, and their mourning shall outlive my name and the record of my fate.'

'Follow! follow! follow!' said my mysterious guide. 'Follow—to the sunny clime of Italy, or die, a baffled wanderer, here.'

'Have I not followed thee, faithfully and far? Have I not journeyed with thee through many a strange land! The banks of the Euphrates are imprinted with our footsteps, and in the groves of Damascus, and beneath the cedars of Mount Lebanon have we reposed. We have stood in sorrow by the entombed grandeur of Laksoor, and in the ever-green valley of Quito, we have loitered in vain. Through climes of eternal snow—through deserts of burning sands—through ocean's calms and storms, with thee have I toiled—with thee I have journeyed—and thou—thou hast ever mocked me.—Oh! deceiver, I will follow thee still!

Gloriously the moonbeams glittered upon the towering spires of St. Peter's. Softly they shone upon the buildings of the Vatican. Silence reposed upon the bosom of night, and sweet flowers mingled their perfume with the breath of zephyrs. Who could have told that, on such a night, the dark angel of destruction was unfurling his banner.

A piercing cry broke the stillness of the hour, and shrieks of 'fire!' resounded wildly through the air. I

started from the column against which I had been leaning, and flew towards the part of the city from which the alarm proceeded. Dashing onward, through hurrying men, and terrified women and shrieking children, the broad, bright blaze of the destroying element soon broke upon my sight. It arose from the dwelling of the Signor di Valendi.

'Save her! save her! for the sake of the holy virgin, save my child,' cried a gray-haired man, as I reached the spot. His eyes and hands were raised in agony towards the upper part of the building, as he spoke.—Casting a single glance in the direction indicated, I beheld his daughter, leaning, pale, and apparently paralyzed, against the side of one of the windows, at a fearful height from the ground. The fire originated in a back apartment below, and the building was almost entirely enveloped in flame. Below—above—around—all was smoking, blazing and crackling.

A few, urged by feelings of humanity, or the cries of the aged father, made attempts to enter the blazing pile and rescue his daughter; but they were driven back by the flames that began to curl in red wreaths along the flight of stairs that arose from the hall.

My coat and cap were upon the ground in an instant. My eye caught the prostrate form of Carlo, who was crouching and winning before me.

'If I perish, God bless thee, Carlo!' I forgot, in that moment that he was a dog.

I flew into the smoking hall, and bounded up the fiery stairs with the speed and strength of a tiger. I reached the third story, and found myself in a back apartment, without ceiling or roof, amid the flame and smoke, and falling brands, while the red rafters threatened destruction from above. I saw a smoking door before me which seemed to lead into an apartment fronting the street. I did not stop to reflect, but rushing forward, the iron bolt gave way at my touch, and in another instant the object of my search was in my arms. Flying again to the door at which I had entered, I saw a sight that chilled my heart to the very core. Large pieces of timber had fallen upon the staircase, and were blazing, and crackling, and sending up, and around hot flames—hot as the flames of hell.

"God of heaven do not forsake me, now," I exclaimed, as I pressed my unconscious burden closer to my heart. At that instant I saw a flight of stairs that led to an upper apartment, from the room in which I then stood. I remember that I passed up those stairs, forced my way through a skylight, and found myself upon that part of the roof which looked upon the street. The flames were curling over the cone. Large flakes of fire were falling around me. I saw the roof of an adjoining building which the destructive element had not reached. I rushed towards it along the very verge of the eaves, and found that a chasm several feet wide separated the two houses. Ah! it was no time to despair—no time to doubt. I made the leap. I reached the roof, and fell, and rolled with my senseless burden to the very verge—over but I grasped with one hand an iron rod that passed along the eaves—and I knew that I had saved the old man's child. Ay—I saw that I grasped her wrist with my right hand. I saw that my fingers were buried in the flesh. And I knew she was safe!

I looked down upon the silent crowd. The light of the flames shone full upon them. They spoke not—they moved not—but with pale cheeks and parted lips, they stood, statue-like, gazing up at me, as I hung suspended from the roof.

"A ladder!" I exclaimed, in a voice which I did not recognize as my own. The words had an electric effect. The whole mass below appeared to be in agitation. Another moment, and a ladder was raised against the wall. I felt my feet upon one of the rounds. Releasing my hold of the rod, I began to descend. My frame seemed to be of iron. Not a muscle shook, not

a nerve trembled. I reached the ground in safety. I saw the old man clasp his child to his heart. I saw no more—I remembered no more of what passed that night. The roaring of a thousand cataracts sounded in my ears, and I staggered, and reeled, and fell.

How long I remained insensible I know not. I awoke as from a dream, and found myself reclining upon a sofa in a gorgeous apartment, which was lighted by a lamp that burned feebly upon a small table near me. I was just awakening from the fever of delirium, and it was some time ere I could collect my wandering senses. The events of the night of the fire however, soon recurred to my mind; and I remembered all.—But I knew not where I was. Looking around the dimly lighted apartment, I saw a female form. She seemed to be gazing on me with a look of the sweetest tenderness. Those features could not be mistaken. I should have known them in eternity. It was the daughter of the signor di Valendi. A sudden light burst upon my soul. Was my pilgrimage at last ended? Was the boon at last found? Would she love me? Why would she not? My heart again felt the thrill of the spring-time of youth. My blood ran wildly through my veins. I arose from the couch. I knelt before her. I spoke long and incoherently. I told her all my sorrows, and all my hopes. I was bewildered with the intensity of my own feelings. She did not turn from me. Her face was not averted, and I thought I saw by the flickering light, a deep blush suffusing her cheeks. I thought I saw her white bosom heave with emotion, while a tear seemed to be stealing to her soft blue eyes. I believed she would love me. How could I doubt it. Maddened with ecstacy, I arose from my kneeling posture, and rushing forward, clasped to my heart—PICTURED CANVASES—lifeless—soulless—cold.

Slowly did I unclasp that embrace. Steadily did I gaze for one moment on the portrait before me. I did not faint, nor fall—nor falter, But I laughed—ay, laughed—long—loudly—bitterly.

#### INVOCATION.

The flowers, the flowers, the summer flowers  
The playmates of our earlier hours,  
Ye children of the dews, and show'ers,  
Come from your cells.

Yield them to life, Oh! gentle earth,  
Give the fair buds and blossoms birth,  
The angry season of their dearth  
Young spring repels.

Hither it hastens on its wing,  
The fair, the bright, the beauteous spring,  
Waters, and woods, and wild birds sing  
Its welcome hail.

Hither it hastens in its pride,  
(Like to a young and glorious bride,  
With rose-wreath'd Cupid for her guide,  
Sweet'ning the gale.

Come then, and earth shall catch the sound,  
And, as thy breathings kiss the ground,  
Like fairy spirits all around  
The flowers shall rise.

'Till, by the Valley's fertile store,  
Thou'rt led the woodland's verdure o'er,  
To thy bright home, on sunny shore,  
Or in the skies.

IDEAS.—Shakespeare, Butler and Bacon, have rendered it extremely difficult for all who come after them to be sublime, witty or profound.

#### THE TEMPLE OF BUTTERFLIES.

The Chevalier de Bouffiers, whom Delile characterized as "the honour of knighthood and the flower of troubadours," the erotic poet, the agreeable novelist, so long the delight of the saloons of Paris, was by turns an abbot, a colonel of hussars, a painter, an academician, a legislator, and, under all these characters, the most gay, careless and witty of French cavaliers.

I was long acquainted with this highly-gifted man. I saw him in 1780, at the beautiful estate of Chanteloup, near Amboise, whither the duke de Choiseul, then an exile from the court, attracted many of the most distinguished men of France, whether for birth or merit. It was the focus of the most brilliant wits and beauties of the day. The duchess de Choiseul, whose memory is still cherished on the lovely banks of the Loire, had a friendship for the chevalier de Bouffiers, which did her honour; he was her companion in her walks, in the chase, and still more frequently in her visits to the cottages of the peasantry, to whom this accomplished and excellent woman constantly administered comfort and assistance.

Madame de Choiseul, who was in her youth intimate with Buffon, had imbibed from that celebrated man a strong taste for the observation of natural objects. Her library contained a complete collection of natural historians, ancient and modern.

This delightful and exhaustless study had inspired Madame de Choiseul with a new and fanciful idea. Opposite to the windows of her own room she had erected a temple of gauze of antique form, and sheltered by an ample roof; during the summer she amused herself with collecting in this airy palace all the most beautiful butterflies of the country.

The duchess alone had a key of the temple of butterflies, which was peopled by the assiduity of village girls of the neighbourhood. They strove, by presenting to her continually some new species, to obtain the privilege of speaking to their beloved patroness, and they were sure to receive a reward proportioned to the beauty and rarity of their offerings.

Bouffiers was frequently a witness to the duchess's assiduous cares about her favourite temple.

"Chevalier," said she to him, with a smile, "I run no risk in introducing you among my butterflies; they will take you for one of themselves, and will not be frightened."

On one occasion, when Madame de Choiseul was compelled by illness to keep her room for some weeks, she gave the key of her temple to the chevalier, who found ample compensation for the trouble of his charge in the pleasure of receiving the country girls, who daily came to recruit the numerous family of butterflies. He encouraged them to talk about their rural sports and their love affairs, so that he was soon master of the chronicles of all the surrounding villages. In this way he frequently caught ideas and expressions with which he afterwards adorned his poems.

It was, however, remarked that Bouffiers almost always preferred the butterflies brought by the prettiest girls; his scrutiny turned rather

upon their features, their natural and simple graces, than upon the objects it was his office to select. An engaging face, a graceful carriage, or a well-turned person, was pretty sure not to be rejected. Thus the beautiful temple declined in splendour, but fewer poor little girls went away disappointed; and the duchess's bounty, passing through the easy hands of the chevalier, was diffused more widely, and gladdened more hearts.

Among the villagers who came to offer the fruits of their chase, he had frequently remarked a girl of about fifteen, whose large, deep blue eyes, jet black eyebrows and laughing mouth, graceful and easy carriage, and sweet, soft voice realized the most poetical descriptions of rural beauty. To crown her attractions, he found that she was the daughter of a forester of Amboise, and that her name was Aline. This pretty name was the title of a tale of his, which had been greatly admired. It may be imagined that he felt a peculiar interest in this young girl, and with what pleasure he rewarded her, in the duchess's name; and how he took advantage of the pretext afforded by the beauty of any of her butterflies, to double the gift. Bouffiers soon drew from her the secret of her heart; he learnt how she loved Charles Verner, son of the keeper of the castle, but that his father opposed their union on account of the disparity of their fortunes. Bouffiers, who thought love levelled all distinctions, secretly resolved to serve the young Aline. He sent for Charles Verner, found him worthy to be the possessor of so lovely a creature, and spoke in his behalf to the duchess, who, wishing to have some fair pretext for contributing towards the marriage-portion of the chevalier's protégé, made it known in the neighbourhood, that at the end of the season she would give a prize of twenty-five louis'd'ors to the girl who brought her the greatest number of rare and beautiful butterflies. The emulation excited among the young villagers may easily be imagined; and whether it was that the fresh verdure of Aline's native forest of Amboise was propitious to her, or whether she was more agile and dexterous than the others, it fell out that she often presented Madame Choiseul, through her kind protector, with the butterflies upon which Reaumur had fixed the highest value.

One day, when the duke and duchess, accompanied by the train of nobles, who formed the usual society of Chanteloup, were walking in that part of the park bordering on the forest, Aline, with a gauze net in her hand, and, panting for breath, came running joyously up to Bouffiers, and said to him, with that innocent familiarity he had encouraged in her, "Look, Monsieur le Chevalier, what do you think of my butterflies? you are such a fine judge of them." This speech was susceptible of an application so curiously fitted to the known character of Bouffiers, that every body laughed. He took the butterflies from Aline's hands, and told her they were really of a rare and most valuable kind; one, especially; which, with its four azure wings of enormous size, studded with flame-coloured eyes, and its long black proboscis, supplied the only deficiency in the temple, and completed the duchess's immense collection. It was instant-

ly decided that Aline had won the promised prize; she soon afterwards received it from the hands of Madame de Choiseul, and Bouffiers added a golden cross, which Aline promised to wear as long as she lived.

It was now the middle of Autumn, and as the pleasures of Paris became daily more brilliant and inviting, the Chevalier de Bouffiers, could not resist their attractions, though he left the delightful abode of Chanteloup with regret. Before he went away he saw the maiden who had so deeply interested him, and obtained from the father of her lover, the promise that he would consent to their marriage as soon as Aline had a sufficient portion. He recommended her warmly to the duchess's kindness, and departed for the capital.

A short time after, the duke de Choiseul quitted a world in which he had exercised such vast power, and so courageously withstood his numerous enemies. His widow was compelled to sacrifice nearly the whole of her own fortune, to pay the debts contracted by her husband, who had outshone all the nobles of the court in magnificence. She sold the estate of Chanteloup to the duke de Penthièvre, and went to live at Paris. Aline, thus deprived of her patroness, lost all hope of being united to her lover, whose father remained inflexible, and the young man in a fit of desperation, enlisted in a regiment of dragoons. Bouffiers heard of this. By a fortunate chance the colonel of the regiment was his near relative and friend, and Charles did so much credit to his recommendation, that he soon rose to the rank of *Marechal des Logis*. On his first leave of absence, he hastened to Chanteloup, where he found his fair one provided with a sufficient portion of the chevalier's generosity; the old keeper no longer withheld his consent, and the lovers were speedily united.

Twenty years passed away, and France fell into the confusion of political dissensions, and, at length, into all the horrors of a first revolution. Bouffiers, though friendly to the opinions which were then propagated by the true lovers of liberty, was compelled, after the deplorable tenth of August, 1793, to quit France, and take refuge in Berlin. Prince Henry and the king of Prussia, after keeping him some time with them, gave him an estate in Poland, where, like a true French knight, he founded a colony for all the emigrants who were driven from their unhappy country. But in spite of all the advantages, and all the consolations he received in foreign lands, he never ceased to sigh after Paris. Thither his family, his friends, his most cherished habits, all called him. The compliments paid him on his poems, only served to remind him of the lovely and captivating women who had inspired them; those on his novel, of the delights of Chanteloup, of the amiable duchess de Choiseul, (who had survived her husband only a few years,) and of the temple of butterflies.

The storm of the revolution having subsided, many proscribed persons obtained leave to return to France; among these was Bouffiers, who left Poland, travelling homewards through Bohemia, Bavaria, and Switzerland. He wished to revisit the beautiful shores of the lake of Geneva, where, thirty years before, he had pass-

ed a time which he never recurred to without delight. He therefore stopped at Lausanne, and, fearing lest his name might expose him to some disagreeable curiosity or supervision, he had furnished himself with a passport under the name of Foubers, a French painter. In this character, which he had more than once assumed before, he presented himself in the first houses of Lausanne, where he was received with all the attention due to genuine talent. The rage for M. Foubers, and for his fine miniature portraits, was universal. As he was anxious to obtain beautiful subjects, he was constantly told that he ought to paint the countess de Lauterbach; she was described to him as a lady of French origin, and the widow of a Bavarian general, who, at his death, had left her considerable property, including a magnificent estate, situated on the banks of the lake, at a few miles distance from Lausanne. At a fête given by one of the principal inhabitants of Lausanne, the beautiful countess de Lauterbach was present, and more than justified all his expectations.

He was introduced to the countess, who appeared struck by the sound of his voice, and agitated by some emotion which she strove to dissemble. They entered into conversation, and Bouffiers expressed the most earnest desire to paint from so fine a model. After a moment's reflection, the countess accepted his offer; and, as if struck by some sudden thought, fixed a day for Foubers to go to her house, at the same time expressing her pleasure at being painted by a French artist.

On the day appointed, a calèche stopped at the door of his lodging, and conveyed him to the chateau de St. Sulpice, situated on the banks of the lake, opposite to the superb amphitheatre, traced by the Alps on the horizon. Bouffiers arrived; he crossed an outer court, passed through an outer hall, and entered a vast saloon, in which every thing announced opulence and taste. On one side of the room hung a full-length portrait of the late duchess de Choiseul, seated near the temple of butterflies, with a volume of Bouffiers' works in her hand. The chevalier could not control the emotions which agitated him, and forced tears from his eyes. "What recollections!" exclaimed he, involuntarily: "this countess de Lauterbach must certainly be of the Choiseul family. I shall like her the better." Whilst he gave himself up to these reflections, a chamberlain came to tell him that his lady would be occupied for a short time, and that she begged M. Foubers to excuse her, and desire him to ask whether he would be pleased to walk into her plantation a la Française. Bouffiers followed his conductor through a long suit of apartments, where he entered an avenue of limes, and at the first turning, he saw, under the shade of some large trees, a temple of gauze, precisely like the duchess de Choiseul's. The temple was filled with butterflies of every species, and over the door was an inscription in verse which Bouffiers had formerly written over the entrance of the temple at Chateloup, and he stood before it agitated, yet motionless with astonishment, and thought himself transported by magic to the banks of Loire. But his surprise was increased, and his emotion

heightened, when he saw advancing towards him a young girl of fourteen or fifteen, in the dress of the villagers of Lorraine, whose features, shape and gait were precisely those of the girl he remembered with so affectionate an interest that he thought it was she herself that stood before him, and whose deep, rich voice met his ear.

"Your servant, Monsieur de Bouffiers," said she, with a courtesy, and presenting to him a little gauze net, "what do you think of my butterflies? you are such a fine judge?"

"What are you—angel, sylph, enobantress?"

"What! do you not remember Aline, the daughter of the forester at Amboise, who used so often to bring you butterflies?"

"Do I dream!" said Bouffiers, rubbing his eyes, and, taking the child's hand, he pressed it to his lips; "Aline, lovely Aline! it cannot be you!"

"How! it cannot be I? Who then won the prize for the finest butterflies? Who received from the hands of the duchess a prize of twenty-five louis, and from yours this golden cross, which I promised to wear as long as I live, and which I have never parted with for an instant?"

"I do indeed remember that cross—it is the very one! Never was illusion so perfect—never was man so bewildered. Your elegance betrays you. No, you are not a mere country girl. Tell me, then, to whom am I indebted for the most delicious emotion I ever felt in my life? Whence do you come? Who are you?"

"She is my daughter," cried the countess de Lauterbach, suddenly stepping from the concealment of a thicket, and throwing herself into the arms of Bouffiers. "My dear protector; kind author of my happiness and of my good fortune—behold the true Aline, the wife and widow of Charles Verner, whose only daughter stands before you. Your emotion, however strong, cannot equal mine."

"How, madame! are you that simple village girl? Good and beautiful as you were, you had a right to become what you now are. But tell me, how happened it that for once fortune was not blind? Have the kindness at once to satisfy my curiosity."

"Listen then," replied the countess, with confiding delight, "and you shall hear all. Charles, in whom you took so generous an interest, having distinguished himself by repeated acts of bravery, obtained a commission shortly after our marriage. The war which broke out between France and Germany, called him to the field, and I followed him. He afterwards rose to the rank of colonel of cavalry, when he saved the life of the count de Lauterbach, commander of a Bavarian division on the field of battle; but in this act he received a mortal wound, and with his last breath recommended his wife and child, then an infant, to the general's care. Count de Lauterbach thought that in no way could he so effectually prove his gratitude to his preserver as by becoming the husband of his widow and a father of his child. After a few years of happy union he died, leaving me a large fortune, and a revered and cherished memory. At that time," added the countess, "I knew that you had been compelled to quit France, and to

take refuge in Prussia. I left no means untried to discover the place of your residence; but your change of name, your travelling as a French painter, as you have so often done, always prevented my accomplishing the most ardent wishes of my heart. Judge, then, what was my emotion on meeting you the other day at Lausanne. I instantly determined to prove to you, in some degree at least, my joy and gratitude; and taking advantage of my daughter's age, and of her perfect resemblance to that Aline who owed to you the hand of Charles Verner, and all that she has subsequently possessed or enjoyed, I made use of your own colours; I copied the most beautiful scene of your elegant story which I have read so often—in short, I tried to bewitch you with your own enchantments; have I succeeded?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Boufflers, pressing the mother and daughter to his heart, "never shall I forget this ingenious fraud; it is true, that the memory of the heart is indestructible in women; and I see that the little good one may be able to do to the simplest village girl, may become a capital which gratitude will repay with interest."

#### AN ESCAPE FROM THE GUILLOTINE.

"Another victim!" I uttered involuntarily, as looking through a window which commanded a view of the principal entrance to the prison, I observed a crowd who, with the shouts of "*pain ou sang*," were dragging some unfortunate man to confinement, preparatory to his final *debut* on the scaffold.

I saw a man cross the street, of whose purpose my heart misgave me. This was an individual named Canve, for whom my brother and me had interested ourselves. He had received numberless favours from us; we had, therefore, every reason to dread his enmity.

It was as I conjectured; a few minutes after I remarked his approach in our direction, we were startled by a loud battering at the door.

"Open your door!" thundered the ruffian; "*Je te donnerai les raisons ensuite*." I, of course, refused.

"Ah! ah!" he shouted, with a demoniac laugh, "you shall see me return shortly and then—" He did not wait to conclude the sentence but hurried away, evidently with the intention of seeking assistance. When he had departed, I turned towards my sister, who, pale with surprise and fear, stood by me, and requested her to see to the immediate collection of our plate, jewels, and money. This done, we took the boxes in which we had packed them, and carrying them into the wood-cellar, we dropped them into a hole which was fortunately found there, and covering the spot with wood, we returned to wait the threatened return of Canve, and his band of ruffians.

We were fortunate in completing our task, for scarcely had we composed ourselves after our hasty labour, when the door with one blow was shattered to pieces, and in rushed Canve, accompanied by four men, all armed.

"We have come," said Canve, who appeared to act as the leader, "to search your house for a man called Le Cour." (The hus-

band of my youngest sister, who was at this moment lying ill at our country seat.) Saying this, and without further remark, they rushed past us.

Expecting that in the course of their search they would visit my chamber, I repaired to it to hide a few little articles which were on my dressing-table. As I anticipated, they came to examine my apartment, but as if fatigued with their undertaking, they contented themselves with examining the closets, and thrusting their swords through the bed, saying, at the same time, "If he is here, this will spare the guillotine one job."

Having completed their survey, they repaired to the drawing-room, seated themselves without any ceremony, and ordered my sister to supply them with some of the best wine. By this time the poor girl had recovered herself, and indignation took the place of fear. She treated this demand with contemptuous silence, and Canve, started up, I believe, with the intention of striking her. I laid my hand on the pistol which I always carried, but perhaps awed by her firm bearing, he departed, without making any remark, in the direction of the wine-cellars. He returned shortly, loaded with several bottles, having to appearance previously satisfied himself of its quality. Having regaled themselves until they became in a state of beastly intoxication, they left us, having first, out of mere wantonness, destroyed a large quantity of china and glass, which unfortunately lay in their way.

For three days we continued unannoyed by any of the revolutionary spirits; at the end of that time we learnt with horror that poor Le Cour had fallen into their hands, and would on the following day undergo his trial as a Royalist. The next day came, and the hour was fast approaching appointed for the commencement of the trial.

I had ever remarked that my sister possessed a certain noble-mindedness and contempt of self which had insured her my esteem and affection; but I was yet to learn that she was a heroine.—In the present instance she was the only one whose presence of mind remained unshaken.—Well knowing the disregard paid to any defence preceeding from the unfortunate individuals whose deplorable fate had brought them before this bloody tribunal, as also the unwillingness evinced by legal characters to undertake it, she determined to perform the part herself. I was astounded at the extraordinary resolution she had formed. A young and beautiful girl, who had hitherto appeared to me timid as a fawn, to array herself in a court of justice—and such a court—in defence of one whom it was a crime to succour. In vain I remonstrated—she was inflexible. She delayed her departure to the last moment, to render her appearance as striking as possible. Probably she thought the power of beauty might effect that which justice might plead for in vain. If so, never was beauty applied to nobler purpose. I could not witness the exhibition, and therefore remained at home, in an agony of apprehension for the result.

Whether the beauty and eloquence of this fair creature softened the hearts of the miscreants who presided at that dreadful tribunal I know

not, but she was successful. The sentence of death which Canoc (who formed one of the members of this tribunal) endeavoured to have decreed against our relative, was commuted to banishment for life, with three months' imprisonment as a kind of preparation.

Morning after morning passed, and regularly as the hour of ten came round did it find my sister at the prison gate an applicant for admission, bearing such luxuries as his prison fare did not afford; and it is with a shudder of horror that I recall to my mind when accompanying her, the sight of blood, warm perhaps from the heart of some victim to private revenge, streaming down the gutter which conveyed it to the Seine.

It was during the performance of one of these morning duties that we remarked a young lady, whom we had known a few months before as the leading star of fashion in Lyons, now walking alone to convey to her husband such consolation as the sight of her would afford. She, as is ever the case, early became surrounded by a crowd of admirers, all envying the look which accidentally she might cast upon any one in particular. Of all these none had so distinguished himself in her eyes (as he thought) as N—, and he industriously circulated rumours that he would shortly receive the hand in marriage, which was the object of general rivalry; and even the day was named when all doubts would be set at rest.— Fortune, however, decreed otherwise, and threw in the way a young man whose accomplishments appeared in her eyes to outweigh the pretensions of all others. His noble countenance interested her—his elegant figure captivated her—and a few weeks saw the charming—the universally admired Annette become the bride of Romeo de Pouilli. Truly might he say with *Cæsar, Veni, vidi, vici*. "I came, I saw, I conquered."

The deaths this event occasioned must be acknowledged were but few, but the disappointment, I may say, general; and as N— had at one time possessed the happiness through the prospect of winning the prize, saw now that all hopes were perished, his share of disappointments were the largest; and although time seemed to have washed from his mind the memory of his blighted prospects, still the veteran physiognomist traces were discernible in his features of deep and bitter enmity to his successful rival.

Time had passed with this happy pair in a continual round of pleasure until the event took place, which consigned so many of the *élites* of France to the scaffold. De Pouilli and N— were both of the royalist creed: but N— adopted the revolutionary principles to wreak his vengeance on the man, who, as he said, had robbed him of his happiness—they both having been suitors to the reigning beauty of Lyons, the consequence was that De Pouilli immediately became the inmate of a dungeon, there to wait until the moment had arrived when the revenge of N— could consign him to the guillotine. On the occasion of her first visit to her husband in prison she had been summoned to attend the wretch who was the source of all her misery in an apartment, the window of which looked out upon the guillotine, where three unfortunate in-

dividuals were about to be executed, and addressing her, he said, without any introduction—

"There, feast your eyes upon the scene before you, and consider that ere three days pass, the axe, which you see now about to fall on these miscreants, will sever the beautiful neck of your *adored*."

"Unable to endure the sight, for at the moment he finished, the axe fell upon one of the unfortunate wretches," related Mad. De Pouilli, "I sank to the ground, and on my recovery found him watching over me with a look of anxious tenderness—with my faculties returned my sense of De Pouilli's situation, and I eagerly seized on this moment to endeavour to procure his liberty. As his wife did I sue for him, but in vain—in vain I conjured by every motion calculated to move the breast of man with compassion—all in vain! At last I touched upon the love he so often had professed for me, and named this as an opportunity to prove his sincerity.—Hitherto he had gazed upon me with a voidness of countenance, but like oil thrown on fire it revived the slumbering flame of hatred which I had hoped to have subdued."

"Can you," said he, "remind me of those moments, and use them as arguments in *his* favour! Do you suppose that my memory only retains the recollection of my former love, and not the means by which my happiness was blasted?—Can I forget that I had a rival—that *that* rival was the high-born, haughty and favoured de Pouilli, and that he now lies in prison waiting only my command to die? No, no; do not deceive yourself, but hear the only terms on which he lives. The time is arrived when priestcraft and all its rules are set at naught—freedom for heart and hand is amongst the blessings of the age. Consent to be mine—discard him from your love—and he is free!"

"He uttered this last sentence in a slow impressive manner, that I might fully understand his meaning; and when he had concluded, I still continued to gaze upon him, as if bereft of my senses. Whether he thought favourably of my silence, I know not, but relaxing the severity of his countenance, he approached me, and inquired whether I was prepared to purchase my husband's life on such terms. The inquiry aroused me from the state of torpor into which his declaration had thrown me,—every nerve seemed strung anew,—my voice was changed from that of supplication to that of desperation, as I bitterly reviled him, and rushed from the room, leaving him motionless with surprise."—As she finished her relation, she burst into tears, unable any longer to control her feelings, and wringing her hands implored the intercessions of heaven in behalf of her husband.

A few mornings after, her husband informed her that N— had directed him to prepare for his execution on the following day. With this terrible information she returned to us, and the scene which took place was truly heart rending; she tore her hair—beat her breast—called herself her husband's destroyer—and vented curses on the beauty which had murdered him;—lastly, throwing herself on her knees before my sister, she implored her to save her husband's life.

never shall forget the astonishment with which I gazed on my sister, as she said calmly—

"I cannot save his life—it is for you to accomplish that." "I!" she cried wistfully, "Oh! if I knew how;—tell me—what can I do to save him?"

"Return to N——," replied she collectedly, "and say you consent to his proposal!"

We were positively aghast, and before a word could be said, she continued—"If you will be guided by me, you shall suffer no dishonour. Go to N——, I repeat—say that when your husband has his passport in his hands, and you see him, from his windows if he pleases, parting from leath and danger you will resign yourself into his hands!—trust to me for the rest, and now begone." Such an influence had Maria over her weaker friend, that without another word to any one, she departed. Half an hour had passed ere she returned; pale and ghastly she entered the apartment, and sought, by a flood of tears, to ease her over-burdened heart.

The morning came, and after a long interview with my sister, during which I was not present, she departed with a kind of cheerfulness, that raised suspicions in my mind of her sanity. I watched her from the window which overlooked the prison, until she entered the gate, and when it closed upon her, I thought it would be for ever!

Three months after we were the inhabitants of another soil, refugees from our country, sharing the same roof with those whose sufferings had endeared them to us,—these were M. and Madame de Pouilli,—the story of their escape is short.

On the morning of her departure to the prison, after her interview with my sister, who gave her advice as to the only course left her, she visited the monster N——, who was highly pleased at her unexpected compliance, and every thing was done as she dictated. Night saw her husband with his passport, in a post carriage on the road to England, and in a few hours his wife joined him—he having, by a preconcerted understanding waited for her on the road.

The next morning spread the news of N——, having been found stabbed in his apartment by some unknown hand; my sister's advice—secret advice—was no longer a mystery!

**INTERPRETATION OF MOTIVES.**—There is no word or action but may be taken with two hands: either with the right hand of charitable construction, or the sinister interpretation of malice, and suspicion: and all things do succeed as they are taken. To construe an evil action well is but a pleasing and profitable deceit to myself; but to misconstrue a good thing is a treble wrong, to myself, the action and the author.—*Bishop Hall.*

## SIGNS OF PROSPERITY.

[From the Chinese.]

Where spades grow bright, and idle swords grow dull;  
Where jails are empty, and where barns are full;  
Where church paths are with frequent feet outworn,  
Law court-yards weedy, silent and forlorn:  
Where doctors foot it, and where farmers ride;  
Where age abounds, and youth is multiplied;  
Where these signs are, they clearly indicate  
Happy people, and well governed state.

From the New Monthly Magazine for November.

## MY TWO AUNTS.

Philosophers tell us that we know nothing but from its opposite; then I certainly knew my two aunts very perfectly, for greater opposites were never made since the formation of light and darkness; but they were both good creatures,—so are light and darkness good things in their place. My two aunts, however, were not so appropriately to be compared to light and darkness as to crumb and crust—the crumb and crust of a new loaf; the crumb of which is marvellously soft, the crust of which is exceeding crisp, dry, and snappish. The one was my father's sister, the other was my mother's; and very curiously it happened that they were both named Bridget. To distinguish between them, we young folks used to call the quiet and easy one Aunt Bridget, and the bustling, worrying one Aunt Fidget. You never in the whole course of your life saw such a quiet, easy, comfortable creature as Aunt Bridget; she was not immensely large, but prodigiously fat. Her weight did not exceed twenty stone, or two-and-twenty at the utmost; hot weather made some little difference: but she might be called prodigiously fat, because she was all fat: I don't think there was an ounce of lean in her whole composition. She was so imperturbably good-natured, that I really do not believe that she ever was in a passion in the whole course of her life. I have no doubt that she had her troubles; we all have troubles more or less, but Aunt Bridget did not like to trouble herself to complain. The greatest trouble that she endured was the alteration of day and 'night; it was a trouble for her to go up stairs to bed, and it was a trouble to her to come down stairs to breakfast; but, when she was once in bed, she could sleep ten hours without dreaming, and when she was once up and seated in her comfortable arm-chair, by the fire-side, with her knitting apparatus in order, and a nice, fat, flat, comfortable quarto volume on a small table at her side, the leaves of which volume she could turn over with her knitting needle, she was happy for the day; the 'grief of getting up was forgotten, and the trouble of going to bed was not anticipated. Knowing her aversion to moving, I was once saucy enough to recommend her to make two days into one, that she might not have the trouble of going up and down stairs so often. Any body but Aunt Bridget would have boxed my ears for my impertinence, and would in so doing, have served me rightly; but she, good creature, took it all in good part, and said, "Yes, my dear, it would save trouble, but I am afraid it would not be good for my health I should not have exercise enough." Aunt Bridget loved quiet, and she lived in the quietest place in the world. There is not a spot in the deserts of Arabia, or in the Frozen Ocean, to be for a moment compared for quietness with Hans Place—

"The very houses seem asleep"

and when the bawlers of milk, mackerel, dabs, and flounders enter the placid precincts of that place, they scream with a subdued violence, like the hautboy played with a piece of cotton

in the bell. You might almost fancy the oval building to be some mysterious egg on which the genius of silence had sat brooding ever since the creation of the world, or even Chaos had combed its head and washed its face. There is in that place a silence that may be heard, a delicious stillness which the ear drinks in as greedily as the late Mr. Dando used to gulp oysters. It is said that when the inhabitants are all asleep, they can hear one another snore. Here dwelt my Aunt Bridget,—kindest of the kind, and quietest of the quiet. But good nature is terribly imposed upon in this wicked world of ours; and so it was with Aunt Bridget. Her poulterer, I am sure, used to charge her ten per cent. more than any of the rest of his customers, because she never found fault. She was particularly fond of ducks,—very likely from a sympathy with their quiet style of locomotion: but she disliked haggling about the price, and she abhorred the trouble of choosing them, so she left it to the man's conscience to send what he pleased, and to charge what he pleased. I declare that I have seen upon her table, such withered, wizened, toad-like villians of half-starved ducks, that they looked as if they had died of the whooping cough. And if I ever happened to say any thing approaching to reproach of the poulterer, Aunt would always make the same reply—"I don't like to be always finding fault." It was the same with her wine as it was with her poultry; she used to fancy that she had port and sherry, but she never had any thing better than Pontac and Cape Madeira. There was one luxury of female life, which my Aunt never enjoyed—she never had the pleasure of scolding the maids. She once made the attempt, but it did not succeed. She had a splendid set of Sunday crockery, done in blue and gold, and by the carelessness of one of her maids the whole service was smashed at one fell swoop. "Now that is too bad," said my aunt; "I really will tell her of it." So I was in hopes of seeing Aunt Bridget in a passion, which would have been as rare a sight as an American aloe in blossom. She rang the bell with heroic vigor, and with an expression of almost a determination to say something very severe to Betty, when she should make her appearance. Indeed if the bell pull had been Betty, she might have heard half the first sentence of a terrible scolding; but before Betty could answer the summons of the bell, my aunt was as cool as a turbot at a tavern dinner. "Betty," said she, "are they all broke?"—"Yes, ma'am," said Betty.—"How came you to brake them?" said my aunt.—"They slipped off the tray, ma'am," replied Betty.—"Well then be more careful another time," said my aunt.—"Yes, ma'am," said Betty. Next morning another set was ordered. This was not the first, second, or third time that my aunt's crockery had come to an untimely end. My aunt's maids had a rare place in her service. They had high life below stairs in perfection; people used to wonder that she did not see how she was imposed upon; bless her old heart! she never liked to see what she did not like to see, and so long as she could be quiet she was happy. She was a living emblem of the Pacific Ocean.

But my aunt Fidget was quite another thing. She only resembled my Aunt Bridget in one particular, that is, she had not an ounce of lean about her, but then she had no fat neither—she was all skin and bone; I cannot say for a certainty, but I really believe that she had no marrow in her bones; she was as light as a feather, as dry as a stick, and, had it not been for her pattens, she must have been blown away in windy weather. As for quiet, she knew not the meaning of the word; she was flying about from morning to night, like a faggot in fits, and finding fault with everybody and everything. Her tongue and her toes had no sinecures. Had she weighed as many pounds as my Aunt Bridget weighed stones, she would have worn out half-a-dozen pair of shoes in a week. I don't believe that Aunt Bridget ever saw the inside of her kitchen, or that she knew exactly where it was; but Aunt Fidget was in all parts of the house at once—she saw every thing, heard every thing, remembered every thing, and scolded every thing. She was not to be imposed upon, either by servants or tradespeople. She kept a sharp look-out upon them all—she knew when and where to go to market. Keen was her eye for the turn of the scale, and she took pretty good care that the butcher should not dab his mutton-chops too hastily in the scale making momentum tell for weight. I cannot think what she wanted with meat, for she looked as if she ate nothing but raspings, and drank nothing but vinegar. Her love of justice in the matter of purchasing was so great, that when her fishmonger sent her home a penny-worth of sprats, she sent one back to be changed because it had but one eye. She had such a strict inventory of all her goods and chattels, that if any one plundered her of a pin, she was sure to find it out. She would miss a pin out of a peck, and she once kept her establishment up half the night to hunt for a bit of cheese that was missing. It was at last found in the mouse-trap. "You extravagant minx," said she to the maid, "here is cheese enough to bait three mouse-traps;" and she nearly had her fingers snapt off in her haste to rescue the cheese from its prison. I used not to dine with my Aunt Fidget so often as with Aunt Bridget, for my Aunt Fidget worried my very life out with the history of every article that was brought to table. She made me undergo a narration of all that she had said, and all that the butcher or the poulterer had said concerning the purchase of the provision; and she used always to tell me what was the price of mutton when her mother was a girl—twopence a pound for the common pieces, and twopence halfpenny for the prime pieces. Moreover, she always entertained me with an account of all her troubles, and with the sins and iniquities of her abominable servants, whom she generally changed once a month. Indeed, had I been inclined to indulge her with more of my company, I could not always manage to find her residence, for she was moving about from place to place, so that it was like playing a game at hunt-the-slipper to endeavor to find her. She once actually threatened to leave London altogether if she could not find some more agreeable residence than hitherto it had been her lot

to meet with. But there was one evil in my Aunt Fidget's behaviour which disturbed me more than anything else; she was always expecting that I should join her in abusing my placid Aunt Bridget. Aunt Bridget's style of housekeeping was not, perhaps, quite the pink of perfection, but was it not for me to find fault with it; and if she did sit still all day, she never found fault with those who did not; she never said anything evil of any of her neighbors. Aunt Fidget might be flying about all day like a witch upon a broomstick; but Aunt Bridget made no remarks on it; she let her fly. The very sight of Aunt Fidget was enough to put one out of breath—she whisked about from place to place at such a rapid rate, always talking at the rate of nineteen to the dozen. We boys used to say of her that she never sat long enough in a chair to warm the cover. But she is gone—*requiescat in pace*: and that is more than ever she did in her life time.

### SINGULAR PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.

The journal of Mr. Kay, one of the Wesleyan Missionaries in South Africa, contains the following remarkable account of the deliverance of a poor sick Hottentot, from the jaws of a lion.

"About three weeks or a month ago, he (the Hottentot in question) went out on a hunting excursion, accompanied by several other natives. Arriving on and extensive plain, where there was an abundance of game, they discovered a number of lions also, which appeared to be disturbed by their approach. A prodigiously large male immediately separated himself from the troop, and began slowly to advance towards the party, the majority of whom were young, and altogether unaccustomed to encounters of so formidable a nature. When droves of timid antelopes, or springbucks only, came in their way, they made a great boast of their courage, but the very appearance of the forest king made them tremble. While the animal was yet at a distance, they all dismounted to prepare for firing, and, according to the custom on such occasions, began tying their horses together, by means of the bridles, with the view of keeping the latter between them and the lion, as an object to attract his attention, until they were enabled to take deliberate aim. His movements, however, were at length too swift for them. Before the horses were properly fastened to each other, the monster made a tremendous bound or two, and suddenly pounced upon the hind parts of one of them, which, in its fright, plunged forward, and knocked down the poor man in question, who was holding the reins in his hand. His comrades instantly took to flight, and ran off with all speed; and he, of course, rose as quickly as possible, in order to follow them. But, no sooner had he regained his feet, than the majestic beast, with a seeming consciousness of his superior might, stretched forth his paw, and striking him just behind the neck, immediately brought him to the ground again. He then rolled on his back when the lion set his foot upon his breast, and laid down upon him. The poor man now became almost breathless, partly from fear, but principally from the intolerable pressure of his terrific load. He endeavored to move a little to one side, in order, to breathe; but, feeling this, the creature seized his arm, close to the elbow; and, after once laying hold with his teeth, he continued to amuse himself with the limb for some time, biting it in sundry different places down to the hand, the thick part of which seemed to have been pierced entirely through. All this time the lion did not appear to be angry, but he merely caught at his

prey, like a cat sporting with a mouse that is not quite dead; so that there was not a single bone fractured, as would, in all probability, have been the case had the creature been hungry or irritated. Whilst writhing in agony, gasping for breath, and expecting every moment to be torn limb from limb, the sufferer cried to his companions for assistance, but cried in vain. On raising his head a little, the beast opened his dreadful jaws to receive it, but providentially the hat, which I saw in its rent estate, slipped off, so that the points of the teeth only just grazed the surface of the skull. The lion now set his foot upon the arm from which the blood was freely flowing; his fearful paw was soon covered therewith, and he again and again licked it clean! The idea verily makes me shudder while I write. But this was not the worst; for the animal then steadily fixed his flaming eyes upon those of the man, smelt on one side, and then on the other of his face, and having tasted the blood, he appeared half inclined to devour his helpless victim. 'At this critical moment,' said the poor man, 'I recollected having heard that there is a God in the heavens, who is able to deliver at the very last extremity; and I began to pray that he would save me, and not allow the lion to eat my flesh, and drink my blood.' While thus engaged in calling upon God, the beast turned himself completely round. On perceiving this, the Hottentot made an effort to get from under him; but no sooner did the creature observe his movement, than he laid terrible hold of his right thigh. This wound was dreadfully deep, and evidently occasioned the sufferer most excruciating pain. He again sent up his cry to God for help; nor were his prayers in vain. The huge animal soon afterwards quietly relinquished his prey, though he had not been in the least interrupted. Having deliberately risen from his seat, he walked majestically off, to the distance of thirty or forty paces, and then laid down in the grass, as if for the purpose of watching the man. The latter, being happily relieved of his load, ventured to sit up, which circumstance immediately attracted his attention; nevertheless, it did not induce another attack, as the poor fellow naturally expected; but, as if bereft of power, and unable to do any thing more, he again rose, took his departure and was seen no more. The man seeing this, took up his gun, and hastened away to his terrified companions, who had given him up for dead. Being in a state of extreme exhaustion, from the loss of blood, he was immediately set upon his horse, and brought, as soon as was practicable, to the place where I found him. Dr. Gautier, who on hearing of the case, hastened to his relief, and has very humanely rendered him all necessary attention ever since, informs me that, on his arrival, the appearance of the wounds was truly alarming, and amputation of the arm seemed absolutely necessary. To this, however, the patient was not willing to consent, having a number of young children whose subsistence depends upon his labor. 'As the Almighty had delivered me,' said he, 'from that horrid death, I thought surely he is able to save my arm also.' And, astonishing to relate, several of his wounds are already healed, and there is now hope of his complete recovery."

**TURKISH INCREDULITY.**—A late traveller in the East, endeavouring to display the wonders of British machinery, mentioned, among other examples, that of the Manchester and Liverpool Rail-road, illustrating its speed by reference to corresponding distances in Egypt to which the Turk to whom it was addressed simply replied by saying, "That's a lie." "But," replied the narrator, "these gentlemen have seen it." "I do not," rejoined the Turk, "believe it any the more for that."

Written for the Casket.  
**SCRIPTURE ANTHOLOGY.**

BY N. C. BROOKS, A. M.

No. 1.

Abraham and Isaac. *Genesis xxii.*

Night trembled on her throne, and furling up  
 Her starry banner, to the conquering sun,  
 Whose car of flame rolled up the Eastern hills,  
 Resigned the silver sceptre of her reign.

Leaving his couch, while yet in foldings hung,  
 The vale of darkness on the face of earth,  
 The patriarch arose, and poured his soul  
 In fervent aspiration to his God—  
 And prayed for grace to stay his fainting heart  
 In its deep trial.

Strengthened and composed,  
 With holy resignation on his brow,  
 He left his tent and saddling up his beast,  
 Clave, in obedience to the word of God,  
 Wood for a holocaust, wherein his son  
 Should to the Lord an offering be made—  
 And taking servants and the fated youth,  
 Sped on his journey to the distant hills  
 Of Mount Moriah.

Thrice the golden sun  
 Had from the glowing theatre of earth  
 Rolled up the curtain, bringing on the day—  
 And now the patriarch beheld far off  
 The place appointed—the then electric flash  
 Of anguish ran like lightning down the wires  
 Of strong paternal feeling, and his hand  
 Palsied with age and grief smote on his breast  
 In nature's sorrow; yet the gath'ring shades  
 That clouded o'er his venerable brow,  
 Like shadows chased by sunbeams, fled away,  
 And left it cloudless, tranquil, and serene.

Now toiling up the rugged mount's ascent,  
 Oft resting on his staff his hoary head,  
 Ascended Abraham, bearing in his hand  
 The knife and sacred fire for sacrifice—  
 And by his side, groaning beneath the wood  
 Pressed on his victim, steady, with his hand,  
 The tottering footsteps of his feeble sire.

Led on to slaughter as the unconscious lamb,  
 Upon his father's face he turned his eye  
 Of dovelike innocence, and mildly said,  
 "Behold the wood, and fire, my father! Where,  
 Is the burnt offering for the Lord our God?"

The look of tender confidence, the voice,  
 Soft as the echoes of an angel's hymn,  
 Wakened in sorrow's tone the sleeping chords  
 Of yearning nature; and the gathering tear  
 Moistened his eyelids, as the patriarch gazed  
 On his devoted son; yet grace from Heaven,  
 Like oil upon the troubled Ocean's waves,  
 Restrained the swelling torrents of his breast,  
 And calmly he returned "God will provide  
 A victim for an offering, my son."

Now on the appointed mount the altar stood  
 Waiting its victim. Abraham had prayed  
 Until within his bosom every thought  
 And feeling upward rose from earth to Heaven,  
 Like sublimated incense; and the glow  
 Of heavenly composure o'er his face  
 Threw the calm glories of the midday sun,  
 As in obedience to Jehovah's word  
 He bound with thongs his son for sacrifice.

There is amid the majesty of mounts,  
 Whose towering summits seem to pillar Heaven,  
 A sense of solitude—a loneliness,  
 Chill and oppressive to the awe struck soul—  
 And deeply Abraham felt it as he stood

Upon Moriah's heights, and saw around  
 A thousand hills rearing their azure fronts  
 Above the clouds, flinging back on the plain  
 The lengthened shadows of their giant forms.  
 How awful and how still was all around,  
 Hushed was the lip of every echo—voice  
 Was not on all the air; No rustling leaf  
 Trembled upon its stem; amid the boughs,  
 Tongue, pennon, plume was still; the very clouds  
 Poised their bright purple wings and hovered o'er.  
 The painful breathings of the youth, alone  
 Stole on his ear; and, as around he gazed,  
 No eye was on him, save the eternal eye,  
 And the broad gleam of the meridian sun;  
 As on the mountain altar of the Lord,  
 Curtained with clouds he stood to pour the blood  
 Of innocence—his son's, his only son's,  
 In a libation to the most high God.

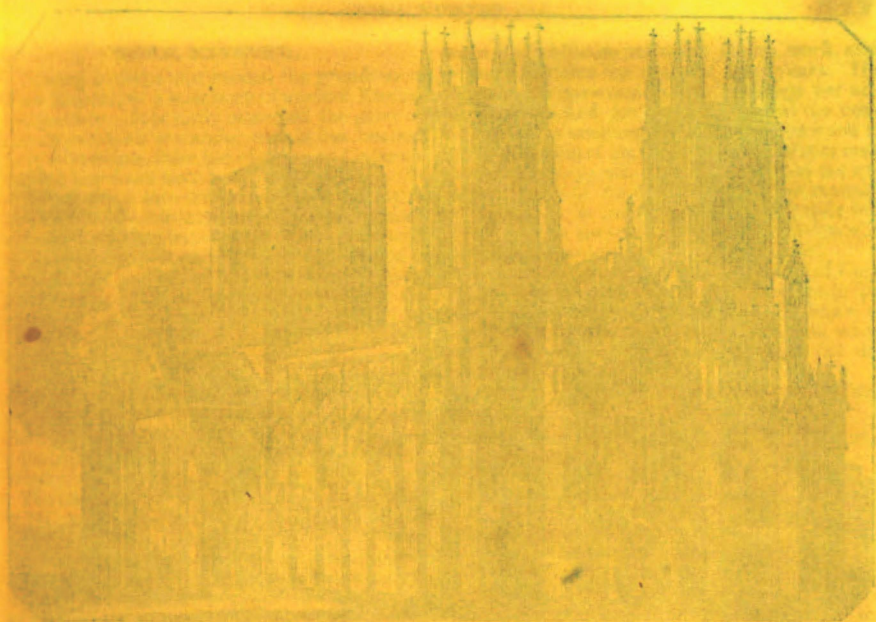
The victim pressed the wood. The waxen neck  
 And ivory wrists were dented with the chords,  
 Until the purple blood seemed bursting through  
 The tissue of the pure, transparent skin.  
 Glowing in youthful, like a rose,  
 Meek as an uncomplaining lamb he lay—  
 Yet as he turned his silent eye to Heaven  
 Upon the beauteous sky and golden sun,  
 Glories that now would meet his gaze no more,  
 His snowy bosom swelled with stifled sighs;  
 And from his eyelid's silken fringes, the tears  
 Rolled down his damask cheek, like melted pearls.  
 Raising the fatal knife, the patriarch stood  
 With eye upturned to God, and throwing back  
 The golden curls that bathed his victim's neck,  
 Aimed the dread blow, when on his startled ear  
 A voice thrilled loudly "Abraham! forbear!  
 Nor stretch thy hand against thy boy to harm."

The knife, unconscious, from his palsied grasp  
 Fell suddenly; and from his aged eyes  
 Gushed the warm tear of overpowering joy,  
 As bending o'er his child, he loosed his bands  
 And pressed his beating bosom to his own,  
 In fervency of gratitude and love.

Now on the altar of the Lord, a lamb,  
 A substituted victim, blazed on high,  
 A holocaust in ruddy spires of flame;  
 While, on the incense wings of sacrifice  
 Wafted, arose the prayer of sire and son,  
 A goodly savour to the Lord, their God.

At the battle of Waterloo, the 2d battalion of the  
 3d Foot Guards gallantly repulsed the attacks of the  
 enemy on the Chateau Hougoumont, which they gar-  
 risoned. The shades of night terminated a conflict  
 which had, throughout the whole day, with little in-  
 terruption, been vigorously carried on. Utterly ex-  
 hausted by fasting and fatigue, the remnant of the  
 brave garrison endeavoured to provide some refresh-  
 ment ere they sought repose; and some of the officers  
 kindling a fire, plucked a fowl or two, which dis-  
 membering with their fingers, they broiled or toasted  
 in small separate portions over the embers, on the  
 points of their swords, &c. One of the party, now a  
 beneficial clergyman retains rather a ludicrous re-  
 collection of the part he played on this occasion. Over-  
 come with weariness, he dropped into a sound sleep  
 while gnawing the leg of a chicken; and when he  
 woke next morning, found it still between his teeth,  
 but protruding from his mouth by the *drumstick*!

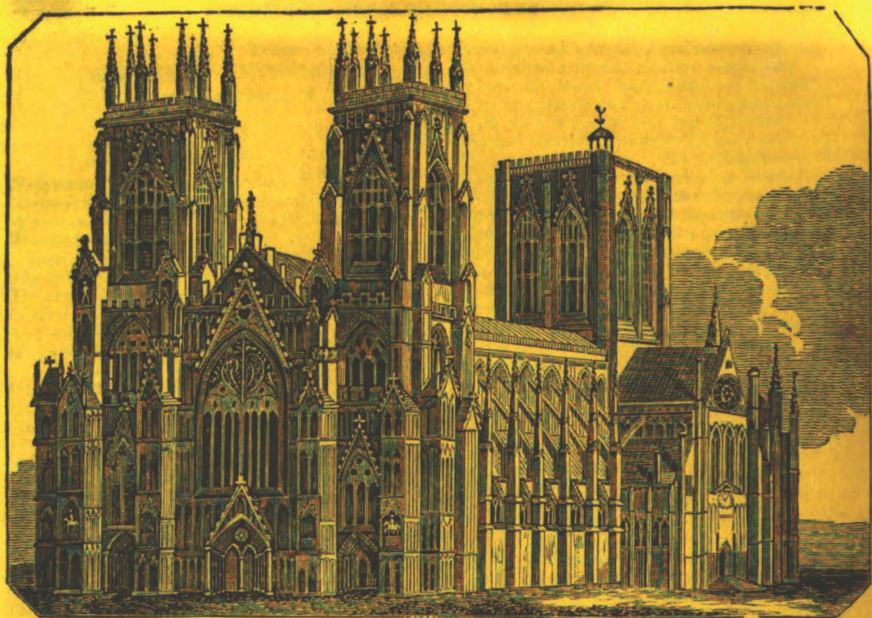
**REVENGE.**—There are but three ways for a man to  
 revenge himself of the censure of the world;—to  
 despise it—to return the like—or to endeavour to live  
 so as to avoid it. The first of these is usually *pretend-*  
*ed*—the last is almost *impossible*. The universal prac-  
 tice is for the second.



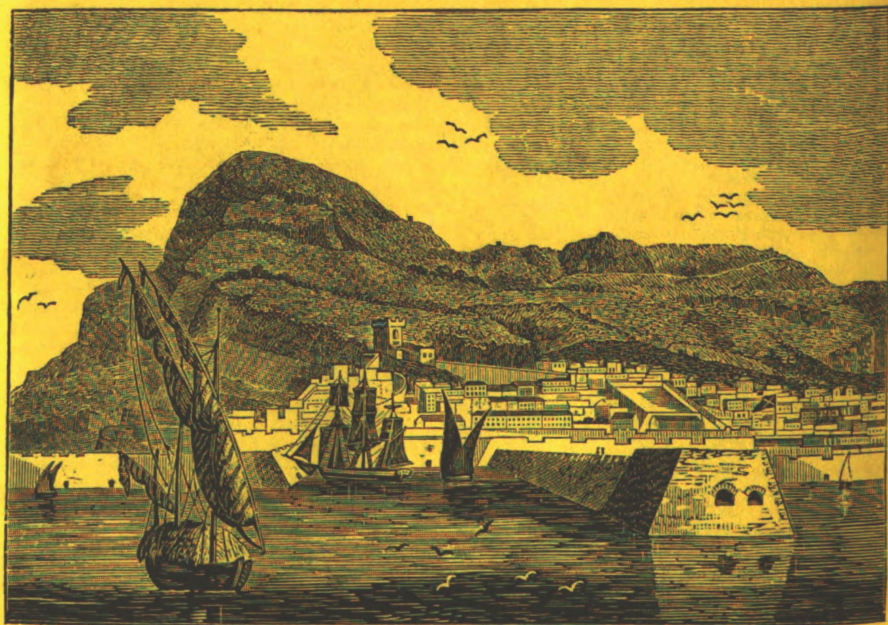
St. Peter's Basilica, in Rome, England.



Rock of Gibraltar.



***York Minster, at York, England.***



***Rock of Gibraltar.***

## YORK MINSTER.

Nothing perhaps can exceed the grandeur of York Minster, as a specimen of ancient English architecture. It is justly esteemed the glory of the city in which it stands; and it has become more interesting, from the changes and injuries, which it has from time to time undergone. To enter minutely into the particulars relating to its history and architecture, is, with our limited space, impossible; but we can furnish a general account of the cathedral, and certain dates of the different portions of the building as they at present exist. These, we trust, will prove acceptable to our readers.

The first church dedicated to St. Peter, in the city of York, is supposed to have owed its origin to Edwin, King of the Northumbrians, who was converted to Christianity, A. D. 627; but it was scarcely finished when that prince fell in battle. His head is said to have been interred in this cathedral, and his body in the monastery of Whithy.

The church built by Edwin, was burnt down in 741, and being afterwards rebuilt, had the same fate in 1069. Thomas, a canon, of Bayeux, and the first Norman archbishop, in addition to appointing the several dignities in the cathedral, repaired the fabric, which was again destroyed by a fire that accidentally occurred in 1187, reducing to ruins the greater part of the city. In 1171, Archbishop Roger began to rebuild the choir, in which the Norman style prevailed; circular arches, single and massive pillars with plain capitals, and an entire freedom from all the aid of ornament, were here conspicuous.

York Minster was, however, afterwards entirely renewed; and by the care and munificence of some succeeding archbishops and other benefactors, the stately fabric now standing, was erected.

Of the present building, the south part of the cross-aisle or transept is of as ancient a date as 1267, and is supposed to be the oldest portion of the Minster: at that time, in the reign of Henry the Third, the large heavy pillar had given place to a cluster of slender and elegant columns; a quantity of rich foliage adorned the capitals; the windows were made high, narrow, and pointed; and the light tracery ran round the vaultings of the roof. The north transept was built in the same character in 1260. The first stone of the nave was laid with great state in 1292, and it was finished with the two western towers about the year 1330. The materials for building the nave were supplied by Robert de Vavasour and Robert de Boulton, earl of Hereford, the former of whom gave the stone, the latter the timber. The memory of these noble benefactors is preserved by statues at the east and west ends of the cathedral.

The choir just alluded to, as built by Archbishop Roger, not corresponding with the rest, was taken down, and a new one begun in 1365, and the great central tower in 1370. The eastern window, which forms the grand termination of the choir, was put up in the reign of Henry the Fourth. The glazing of this magnificent window, was done at the expense of the dean and chapter, by John Thornton, of Coventry, who, by the contract then made, was to re-

ceive four shillings per week for his work, and to finish it within the space of three years. He was, also, to have one hundred shillings per annum besides, and ten pounds more at the conclusion, if he continued and finished his work to the satisfaction of his employers. The sum may at first appear small, particularly when the extreme beauty of the colouring, and the manner of execution in this window is considered; but it is no longer surprising, when the difference in the value of money is taken into account.

The nobility and gentry of the north of England, were at all times great contributors to this magnificent structure; and the experience of our own times, is sufficient to prove that, when such assistance is actually required, is not denied in these days.

The following are the dimensions of York Minster.

Whole length from east to west, . . .	524½ feet.
Breadth of the east end, . . .	105
Breadth of the west end, . . .	169
Length of transept from north to south, . . .	232
Height of the grand lantern tower, . . .	235
Height of the nave, . . .	99
Height of the east window, . . .	75
Breadth, . . .	38

The interior of the Minster, is in every respect answerable to the grandeur of its exterior, and exhibits a striking specimen of the progressive styles of architecture which marked the reigns of the English monarchs, from Henry the Third, to Henry the Sixth or Seventh inclusive, with the last of whom Gothic architecture may be said to have ceased.

The newest portion of the building, but not the least beautiful, is the organ-screen, at the entrance of the choir. It is of a florid kind, ornamented with fifteen statues of the kings of England, and is probably of the time of Henry the Seventh. When the great repairs were recently made in the Minster, to which we shall more particularly allude, it was at one time contemplated to remove this screen eastward, in consequence of its concealing the bases of two great pillars, which help to support the lantern tower; but the plan was afterwards abandoned, as likely to injure the proportions of the choir, besides that it would have sacrificed some of the statues on the screen. It would be difficult indeed to imagine a view more calculated to fill the mind with awe and delight, than that which is presented on entering the west end of the Minster. The columns, the arches, "the long drawn aisle," the screen, not intercepting the noble eastern window, which sheds its rich and varied light through the forms of kings and prelates, giving that air of mingled gravity and beauty so appropriate to the sacred place, and assisting to lift the soul to him who made us, whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, and yet who dwells in the hearts of those who worship him in spirit and in truth.

This spacious building is well-adapted for music, and considering its size, favourable to the conveyance of sound; a point to which great attention seems to have been paid in the construction of our Cathedrals. Its importance in all churches, for the general purpose of hearing properly, and for the due effect of psalmody,

scarcely requires to be pointed out. But the advantages possessed by York Minster, in this respect, were never so fully displayed, as at the Musical Festivals which have been held there.

The first of these took place in September, 1823, when the number present on one of the days was, 4860, and of vocal and instrumental performers, 459.

This performance of sacred music, which was chiefly from the works of Haydn and Handel, is said to have been most grand and striking, surpassed by nothing of the kind except the commemoration of Handel in West Minister Abbey, in 1784.

The benevolent object in view was the benefit of the York County Hospital, and of the General Infirmary of Leeds, Sheffield, and Hull, to which between seven and eight thousand pounds were divided, as the balance of the receipts. Two similar festivals, for the same purpose, were subsequently held in the Minster, in 1825 and 1828.

In recording in our pages, a short sketch of this splendid cathedral, we now come to a memorable event in its history which, excited most painful emotions at the time of its occurrence, and must be yet fresh in the recollection of many of our readers. Early in the morning of the 2d of February, 1829, York Minster was discovered to be in flames. A boy, one of the choristers, happened to be passing through the Minster-yard, and accidentally stepping upon a piece of ice was thrown on his back. Before he could rise, he saw a quantity of smoke issuing from several parts of the roof. As soon as the doors were opened, the beautiful wood-work of the choir was found to be extensively on fire. It soon spread to the roof, which shortly after fell in. The pews on each side of the choir were completely demolished; the organ (a modern and excellent one) was consumed; the screen, however, upon which it rested, sustained very little injury. The great eastern window, which is styled the "glory of the cathedral," and for the fate of which intense anxiety was felt by many during the conflagration, remained almost entire. The fire was not accidental. It was traced to be the work of a deranged fanatic, who was afterwards tried for the crime at York, found to be insane, and sentenced to imprisonment for life, in New Bethlehem Hospital, London.

A very becoming and generous spirit soon manifested itself in the nobility and gentry of the county, and of other places, for the restoration of the Minster. A meeting was held in the following month, at which Mr. Smirke, the architect, furnished a statement of the mischief occasioned, and an estimate of the probable cost for a thorough repair, to be performed after the original designs. The dean and chapter concurred in his recommendation, and on a liberal and public subscription being entered upon for the purpose, pledged themselves to the restoration of the Minster, to its former strength and beauty. This has been amply fulfilled. Mr. Smirke's first object was to give security to the fabric, and to repair substantially the walls, and the shafts of the pillars which had suffered from the fire. Masons were employed to prepare a

new alter-screen, the ornamented capitals of the clustered pillars, new mouldings and cornices, all according to the original models, fragments of which still existed. The roof of the choir was constructed of teak, a wood which has been known to last firm, in situations where even oak has failed. The elaborate stalls and seats, with the *tabernacle-work* over them, were formed with the assistance of parts remaining among the ruins, and of drawings formerly made. These found employment for a considerable number of carvers and other workmen in London. It may be remarked, that in the progress of these works, some instances of former, but partial and imperfect, repairs were found, and of some, supplied by such as were of more solid execution.

The discoveries under the floor of the choir, were very interesting, consisting of a series of Norman pillars, the remains of the crypt of a church more ancient than any other part of the present building. These pillars stand within the space of those of the choir, and are ornamented in spiral lines: they were found by the workmen, while employed in clearing away the rubbish from the interior of the organ-screen. It may be fairly conjectured, that this was the lower portion of the church built by Thomas, the Norman archbishop before mentioned, or perhaps of that of Archbishop Roger, whose choir was removed for a more modern one.

It is not perhaps generally known, that the archbishops of York, had anciently the privilege of a *mint*. There are coins still extant, one as early as the eighth century, struck by archbishops in this right. The last archbishop who struck money in this mint, was Dr. Edward Lee, the successor of Wolsey. He died in 1544.

Among the curiosities preserved in the treasury of York Minster, two articles deserve particular attention. One is a very ancient ivory horn, granted in the Saxon times, with certain lands, by Ulphus, a Prince of Deira. It was lost at the period of the reformation, but was restored to the dean and chapter by Henry Lord Fairfax, (into whose father's hands it had accidentally fallen) in 1675. The other is a *manse-bowl* or *maple-bowl*, edged round with silver, gilt, and with silver feet, anciently given by Archbishop Scroop, to the cordwainers company of the city.

#### THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

The rock of Gibraltar is, as its name imports, an immense mountain of stone, rising abruptly from the sea, at the southern extremity of Spain, and of the European continent. It is separated into two distinct parts, by a lofty ridge, which beginning abruptly at the northern extremity, rises still higher, until it has reached an elevation of 1400 feet, thence declining gradually, and terminating in Europa point, the southern extremity of Europe. The eastern section, which looks upon the Mediterranean, is either perfectly perpendicular, or else so steep and craggy, as to be altogether inaccessible. The western front, though interspersed with dangerous precipices, offers some gradual slopes, which have furnished sites to the town. On this side are the only landing places.

This spot of ground, which has been the cause of so much bloodshed and contention, is yet only three miles long, and but seven in circumference. It is not quite insulated, being connected with the Andalusian coast, by a narrow sandy neck of land, which rises but a few feet above the level of the sea. To the west there is a deep bay, which forms the harbour of Gibraltar, an unsafe roadstead: the eastern coast is utterly inaccessible. This place, until the invasion of the Saracens, was known by the name of Calpe. Its position in front of the opposite African mountain of Abyla, and at the opening of that vast sea, of unknown waters, which none ever penetrated, or penetrated to return, awakened at an early period, the attention of the ancients, who invented a fable, which has connected its origin with the achievements of a deified hero of Antiquity. As the story goes, Hercules, in honour of a victory he had obtained over the Girones, caused immense stones to be thrown into the mouth of the Strait, until a great mountain arose on either side; and these were the famous "Pillars of Hercules."

Gibraltar was for a long time a strong hold of the Moors: but subsequently returning into the possession of its proper owners, it continued for many centuries to form an appendage of the Spanish crown, and its fortifications were enlarged and strengthened by Charles the Fifth, until it was esteemed impregnable. While the Austrian and Bourbon competitors were struggling, in 1704, for the Spanish crown, the weakened garrison having only 150 men, to work 100 guns, became the prey of a third party. Admiral Rooke, having been sent to Barcelona with troops, had failed to effect the object. Dreading the reflections of a disappointed public at home, he called together a council, in which it was determined to attack Gibraltar. On the 21st of July, the fleet arrived in the bay, and 1800 English and Dutch was landed on the beach. The fortress was summoned to surrender, and, on receiving a refusal, the batteries were opened, and the Spaniards were eventually driven from their guns, and forced to submit. The possession of this fortress, to recover which Spain has sacrificed tens of thousands of men, and millions of money, was purchased by the British, with the trifling loss of sixty killed, and two hundred and twenty wounded. Several unsuccessful attempts were made from time to time, especially in 1726, and 1760, on the part of the Spaniards, to recover their lost possession: but all the efforts made to regain this important fortress, become insignificant, when compared to the siege it sustained during the great war, set in motion by the struggle for American Independence.

This famous siege, lasted nearly four years. The Duke de Crillon commanded the Spaniards and their allies. The defence was conducted by the brave General Elliott, with equal courage and good conduct. The number of rounds of artillery from the allied batteries, was sometimes a thousand a day. The total on both sides, amounted to half a million. The loss of life was of course proportionate. All the known arts of taking towns, were exhausted, and new inventions in the hateful art of destruction, date from

the siege of Gibraltar. Among the number were ten floating towers of the Allies, which mounted 200 guns, and were so contrived as to be both ball and bomb proof, and had consequently nothing to fear from any known art of annoyance. But they were not provided against possible inventions. In this emergency, the expedient was tried by the British, of heating shot in furnaces, and discharging them red hot at these moving fortresses, which were able to approach the walls, and place themselves in the most assailable positions. The expedient succeeded; the shot penetrated and fired the wood, and at midnight, those floating castles, which, in the morning, had been the terror of the besieged, furnished huge funeral piles for the destruction of the besiegers. The situation of the brave, but unfortunate Spaniards, shut up in these sea-girt towers, is enough to make the heart bleed. Assailed by balls of fire from the fortress, by flames from within, surrounded by an adverse element, and their escape cut off by the British Flotilla, all that remained to them in their extremity, was a choice of deaths. From that period, to the present, Gibraltar has continued in the possession of the English.

The rock of Gibraltar would be considered a very singular production of nature, if it had not St. Michael's Cave: and if it possessed no other claim to attention, this alone would render it remarkable. This cave, like other similar ones to be seen at the rock, is supposed to be produced by the undermining, and falling away of the loose earth and stones below. In process of time, the dripping of the moisture and its petrification cover the vault with stalactites, some of which depend lower and lower, until they reach the corresponding mass of petrification (commonly called stalagmite,) which the dripping water has produced immediately below: these uniting, form a perfect column, while the space between two of them, assumes the figure of an arch. The entrance to St. Michael's Cave is very small, and, being overgrown with bushes and brambles, might easily escape the search of a stranger. On entering, however, it at once expands into a vast hall, from which passages branch out to other halls, deeper and deeper into the bowels of the earth. The floor, like the vault above; is very irregular, and the stalactites of the roof above, are much blackened by smoke from the torches of visitors. Upon penetrating a short distance, the cave assumes a beautiful and highly interesting appearance. The little light which streams in at the entrance, is yet sufficient to define with clearness, the outline of caverns, columns, and arches, which intervene: and so closely has nature seemed in this instance to have imitated art, that in earlier times, the whole might have passed for the work and residence of a fairy.

The extreme singularity of the place, has given rise to many superstitious stories, not only among the ancients, but also among the vulgar of our own day. As it has been penetrated by the hardy and enterprising, to a great distance, (on one occasion by an American, who descended by ropes to a depth of 500 feet,) a wild story is current, that the cave communicates, by a submarine passage, with Africa. The sailors who

have visited the rock, and seen the monkeys, which are found in no other part of Europe, and are only seen here occasionally and at intervals, say that they pass at pleasure, by means of the cave, to their native land: the truth, however, seemed to be, that they usually live among the inaccessible precipices of the eastern side of the rock, where there is a scanty store of monkey-grass for their subsistence: but when an east wind sets in, it drives them from their caves and crannies, and they take refuge among the western rocks, where they may be seen from below, hopping from bush to bush, boxing each other's ears, and cutting the most extraordinary antics. If disturbed, they scamper off with great rapidity, the young ones jumping upon the backs, and putting their arms round the necks of the old. As they are very harmless, strict orders have been issued from the garrison, for their special protection.

While I was at the rock, two drunken soldiers, one day, undertook to violate these orders. The result was a most melancholy one. As they were rambling about the declivity, below the signal-tower, they happened to come upon the traces of a party of monkeys, and at once gave chase. The monkeys, cut off from their upward retreat, ran downwards; the soldiers followed, and the monkeys ran the faster. In this way they approached the perpendicular precipice which rises from the Alameda; one of the soldiers was able to check his course, and just saved himself; the foremost and most impetuous, unable to stop himself, passed over the fearful steep, and fell a mangled and lifeless corpse upon the terrace below. The next morning, the slow and measured tread of many feet beneath my window, the mournful sound of the muffled drums, and the shrill and piercing plaint of the fife, told me that they were bearing the dead soldier to his tomb.

### THE REWARD OF JUSTICE.

Quisera, king of Persia, was one of the most just and virtuous monarchs that ever governed a nation; and that over-ruling Providence, which constantly defends such characters from the arts and designs of their enemies, signally rewarded, on one occasion, the sacrifice of his own wishes to his high sense of personal injustice.

Quisera was desirous of erecting a magnificent palace in one of the most pleasant parts of his dominions; and as the spot which he had selected was occupied by a number of small cottages, he offered a considerable sum of money for permission to remove them. His proposals were gratefully accepted by all the inhabitants, except one old woman, who refused to listen to any conditions whatever. "This hut," said she, "was my cradle, and it shall be my tomb."—When the king was informed of her obstinacy, instead of giving way to passion, he very coolly said, "The cottage is certainly her's, and I cannot deprive her of it by force, without being guilty of injustice. However, I will build my palace, and her hut shall remain where it is." The architect represented to him that this mean dwelling would stand completely in the court-

yard. "So much the better," replied Quisera, "the good woman will be in no want of light." His courtiers incessantly repeated, that his majesty was too considerate; that there was not any respect due to a foolish old peasant, who had the audacity to oppose her sovereign's will.—But he answered, that it was the duty of every sovereign to be just. "It may be said," observed he, "that this poor creature is foolish; but it shall never be said that Quisera was unjust."

The palace was finished in the first style of magnificence, and ornamented in such a costly manner that it was reckoned one of the wonders of the East. No traveller ever visited Persia without procuring a sight of it; no ambassador ever arrived from a foreign court, who was not struck with admiration at its amazing beauty. One of these, who was celebrated for his taste and judgment, could not refrain, one day, from addressing the king to the following purport: "Your palace, sire, certainly corresponds with the greatness and sublimity of your mind; but I am astonished to see that a mean hut should be suffered to stand in the midst of such unrivalled magnificence." The king then informed him of the reason of its remaining in that situation; but the ambassador replied, that the old woman not only deserved to lose her habitation, but her life, for daring to oppose her sovereign's pleasure. "Pardon me," said Quisera, "if I differ from you in opinion, and if I persist in thinking that, in the present instance, you have lost sight of that wisdom for which you are justly famed. This little cottage is, in my estimation, the most precious ornament of my palace, since it proves that I am just, though possessing absolute power; while on the contrary, the magnificence of this structure, and all its expensive decorations, are only the display of riches, which blind Fortune either gives or withdraws at her caprice. I remember that, when yet a child, as I was going one day to my sports, I saw a mischievous boy throw a stone at a dog, which was quietly lying asleep on the ground, and break his leg; then, as if delighted at the exploit he had achieved, he went away jumping with joy. It so happened, that, at the very instant, a gentleman on horseback passed by. The giddy youth, who was running along, came so near the horse's hoof, that he gave him a kick, which fractured his leg. The sad fell down crying most piteously. The traveller, instead of going to his assistance, pursued his way; but, immediately after, the horse, putting his foot into a deep hole, fell on his chest, and broke his knees; and the rider, who was thrown on the earth, dislocated his shoulder. This circumstance," added the king, "has been a lesson to me, by which I have endeavored to regulate my conduct through life; for, as it appears perfectly just that evil should befall those who intend evil to others, I carefully abstain from doing wrong. Besides, Nature has implanted this universal law in the human heart:—'Do not unto others that which you would not have them to do unto you.'"

The ambassador, by his respectful silence, showed that his reason was convinced by the arguments of this truly just monarch; and, on returning to his master's court, he applauded his justice even more than his magnificence.

This right adherence to strict equity, however, though it insured the happiness of Quisera's subjects, and was the object of their respect and admiration, was considered in a very different light by his ministers. As it obliged them to give an exact account of all their proceedings, they regarded it as an intolerable oppression; and thought themselves much aggrieved, because they were debarred the privilege of promoting a relation, or procuring a rich man, who offered a large sum of money for their patronage.

It happened that Jerolus, the prime minister's brother, having committed a capital crime, was imprisoned until the execution of his sentence. There remained not the smallest hope of his being pardoned; for the king insisted that the award pronounced by the laws should be irrevocable. The minister, who was much attached to his brother, wept and threw himself at his sovereign's feet, to implore his mercy. But Quisera made him this reply: "I would readily pardon him, had I condemned him; but he is condemned by the laws, which were made for the public good. I am only their guardian, and it is my duty to see them executed." The minister used every argument he could devise to induce the king to grant his petition, but in vain: that just monarch was inflexible, and refused to listen to his prayer. He, therefore, quitted his sovereign's presence with his heart full of rage, resolving to form a conspiracy, and assassinate his master. For some minutes, he walked to and fro, considering how he should be able to effect his dreadful purpose. At length, he recollected a man, whose name was Darmanio, who, from a low situation, had been raised by his means to a high military station, but who was still discontented, because he could not pursue his vicious inclinations with impunity. Towards this man he directed his thoughts, and determined to make him the instrument of his vengeance. He accordingly went to him, and begged him to meet him privately, the same evening, in the palace court, behind the old woman's cot, where, he said, he wished to speak to him on an affair of the utmost importance.

The minister knew that his brother, at a time when he commanded the armies of Quisera's deceased father, had artfully lost a decisive battle, for which the enemy had rewarded him with a considerable sum; and that he, whom he intended to involve in the conspiracy, had assisted Jerolus in betraying the king's army. Quisera, however, was entirely ignorant of the treachery; and all the heads of insurrection against Jerolus were of recent date. But the minister, mindful of his knowledge of the fact, to try whether Darmanio, in endeavoring to save his own life, might not also preserve his brother's.

In the evening, Darmanio did not fail to repair to the court of the palace, where the minister, thinking himself unheard by every human ear, spoke as follows: "My friend, our master's rigorous justice is much too dangerous for ourselves and our friends. I only wish you to recall to mind the last war in which we were engaged."—"You then," said Darmanio, "obtained for me one of the best military posts under your

brother, who was appointed commander of the whole force."—"I did not mention this," rejoined the minister, "to remind you of an obligation, but merely to bring forward a circumstance that will be no less fatal to you than to my imprisoned brother, unless we have courage to avert the blow. Know, then, that Quisera has decreed your death, and that, to-morrow, you will be confined. The monarch against whom our late king took up arms, has sent my brother's letters to Quisera, by which the whole treason is exposed, and the names of all who were concerned with him: yours, of course, is among the number." Darmanio, who knew the account of this treachery to be true, exclaimed—"W ell, then, I will plunge my dagger in his heart before he can pronounce my sentence."—He has long been hateful to me!" The minister, finding his design likely to be accomplished, replied—"I will be of your party; for I am determined to save Jerolus, or perish in the attempt."

The old woman, who had overheard the whole conversation, now crept out very softly from her little hut, and, going up to the officers who guarded the royal apartment, demanded an audience, saying, she had discovered a conspiracy, and must speak to the king in person. When led into his presence, she thus addressed him: "Most great and just monarch! send your guards instantly to secure two ruffians, who are behind my cottage—have no time—and whilst they are gone, I will relate all I have overheard." The guards were immediately dispatched; the king was informed of the whole conspiracy; and ten other conspirators were arrested, and separately examined by the judges, who sentenced them all to the ignominious death they so justly merited.

Quisera, seeing that to a single act of justice, which had been blanded by every one, he owed the preservation of his life, felt, with the greatest force, the justice of his Almighty, and became more confirmed in his resolution of being just himself.

#### THE BAG OF GOLD.

The following well-told story, by the poet Rogers, will be read with interest even by those who have seen it before. We should deem it susceptible of a fine effect from the stage.

"There lived, in the fourteenth century, near Bologna, a widow lady of the Lamperti family, called Maddalena, Lauretta, who, in a revolution of the state, had known the bitterness of poverty, and had even begged her bread; kneeling day after day, like a statue, at the gate of the cathedral—her rosy in her left hand and her right held out for charity—her long black veil concealing a face that had once adorned a court, and had received the homage of as many courtiers as Petrarch has written on Laura.

"But fortune had at last relented! a legacy from a distant relation had come to her relief; and she was now the mistress of a small inn at the foot of the Apennines, where she entertained as well as she could, and where those only stopped who were contented with a little. The house was still standing, when in my youth I

passed that way; though the sign of the White Cross, the Cross of the Hospitalers, was no longer to be seen over the door—a sign which she had taken, if we may believe the tradition there, in honour of a maternal uncle, a grand-master of that order, whose achievements in Palestine she would sometimes relate. A mountain stream ran through the garden; and at no great distance, where the road turned on its way to Bologna, stood a little chapel, in which a lamp was always burning before a picture of the Virgin—a picture of great antiquity, the work of some Greek artist.

“Here she was dwelling, respected by all who knew her, when an event took place which threw her into the deepest affliction. It was at noon-day, in September, that three foot travellers arrived, and, seating themselves on a bench under her vine-trells, were supplied with a flagon of Aleatico by a lovely girl, her only child, the image of her former self. The eldest spoke like a Venetian, and his beard was short and pointed after the fashion of Venice. In his demeanor he affected great courtesy, but his look inspired little confidence; for when he smiled, which he did continually, it was with his lips only, not with his eyes; and they were always turned from yours. His companions were bluff and frank in their manner, and on their tongues were many a soldier’s oath. In their hats they wore a medal, such as in that age was often distributed in war; and they were evidently subalterns in one of those free bands which were always ready to serve in any quarrel, if a service it could be called, where a battle was little more than a mockery; and the slain, as on an opera-stage, were up and fighting to-morrow. Overcome with the heat, they threw aside their cloaks; and, with their gloves tucked under their belts, continued for some time in earnest conversation.

“At length they rose to go; and the Venetian thus addressed their hostess:—‘Excellent lady, may we leave under your roof, for a day or two, this bag of gold?’

“‘You may,’ she replied gaily. ‘But remember, we fasten only with a latch. Bars and bolts we have none in our village; and, if we had, where would be your security?’

“‘In your word, lady.’

“‘But what if I died to-night? where would it be then?’ said she, laughingly. ‘The money would go to the church; for none could claim it.’

“‘Perhaps you will favour us with an acknowledgment.’

“‘If you will write it.’

“An acknowledgment was written accordingly, and she signed it before Master Bartolo, the village physician, who had just called by chance to learn the news of the day; the gold to be delivered when applied for, but to be delivered (these were the words) not to one, nor to two but to the three; words wisely introduced by those to whom it belonged, knowing what they knew of each other. The gold they had just released from a miser’s chest in Perugia; and they were now on a scent that promised more.

“They and their shadows were no sooner departed, than the Venetian returned, saying, ‘Give me leave to set my seat on the bag: as the

others have done; and she placed it on a table before him. But in that moment she was called away to receive a cavalier, who had just dismounted from his horse; and, when she came back, it was gone. The temptation had proved irresistible; and the man and the money had vanished together.

“‘Wretched woman that I am!’ she cried, as in an agony of grief she fell on her daughter’s neck; ‘what will become of us? Are we again to be cast out into the wide world? Unhappy child, would that thou hadst never been born!’ And all day long she lamented; but her tears availed her little. The others were not slow in returning to claim their due, and there were no tidings of the thief; he had fled far away with his plunder. A process against her was instantly begun in Bologna; and what defence could she make—how release herself from the obligation of the bond? Willfully or in negligence she had parted with it to one, when she should have kept it for all; and inevitable ruin awaited her!

“‘Go, Gianetta,’ said she to her daughter, ‘take this veil which your mother has worn and wept under so often, and implore the counsellor Calderino to plead for us on the day of trial. He is generous, and will listen to the unfortunate. But, if he will not, go from door to door; Mondali cannot refuse us. Make haste, my child; but remember the chapel as you pass by it. Nothing prospers without a prayer.’

“Alas! she went, but in vain. These were retained against them; those demanded more than they had to give; and all bade them despair. What was to be done? No advocate, and the cause to come on to-morrow!

“Now, Gianetta had a lover; and he was a student of the law—a young man of great promise, Lorenzo Martelli. He had studied long and diligently, under that learned lawyer, Giovanni Andreas; who, though little of stature, was great in renown, and by his contemporaries was called the arch-doctor, the rabbi of doctors, the light of the world. Under him he had studied, sitting on the same bench with Petrarch; and also under his daughter, Novella, who would often lecture to the scholars when her father was otherwise engaged placing herself behind a small curtain, lest her beauty should divert their thoughts; a precaution, in this instance at least, unnecessary, Lorenzo having lost his heart to another.

“To him she flies in her necessity; but of what assistance can he be? He has just taken his place at the bar, but he has never spoken; and how stand up alone, unpractised and unprepared as he is, against an array that would alarm the most experienced?

“‘Were I as mighty as I am weak,’ said he, ‘my fears for you would make me as nothing. But I will be there, Gianetta; and may the Friend of the friendless give me strength in that hour! Even now my heart fails me; but, come what will, while I have a loaf to share, you and your mother shall never want. I will beg through the world for you.’

“The day arrives, and the court assembles. The claim is stated, and the evidence given. And now the defence is called for—but none is made; not a syllable is uttered; and, after a

patience and a consultation of some minutes, the judges are proceeding to give judgment, silence having been proclaimed in the court, when Lorenzo rises, and thus addressed them:

"Reverend signors—Young as I am, may I venture to speak before you? I would speak in behalf of one who has none else to help her; and I will not keep you long. Much has been said; much on the sacred nature of the obligation—and we acknowledge it in its full force. Let it be fulfilled, and to the last letter. It is what we solicit, what we require. But to whom is the bag of gold to be delivered? What says the bond? *Not to one—not to two—but to the three.* Let the three stand forth and claim it."

"From that day, (for who could doubt the issue?) none were sought, none employed, but the subtle, the eloquent Lorenzo. Wealth followed fame; nor need I say how soon he sat at his marriage-feast, or who sat beside him."

The following lines, full of the life and soul of poetry, appeared originally in the Cincinnati Journal.—The New York Evangelist states that they are the production of a poor young man, who, with a companion, not long since, set out from the Oneida Institute of New York, to join Dr. Beecher's Theological Seminary at Cincinnati. Being short of money they hired themselves to work on a craft from the head of the Alleghany river to their place of destination, on arriving at which they found themselves richer, by twenty dollars each, than when they started from home. The author is, however, rich in talent and genius.

#### DELUGE.

Thrice fifty years the teacher toiled;  
Around his head Time twined a wreath of snowy whiteness,  
And the deep hollows in his cheek—where Age  
Had hid its fingers, told of labors for the good of men;  
The Earth was not yet old; but in deeds of darkness  
It had grown to quick maturity. The groves of Eden  
Saw the Sun of Righteousness descend and set  
Among its lonely and forsaken bowers.  
The holy patriarchs were in their graves of peace;  
The message came, and sainted Enoch too,  
Was gone to take his seat among the bless'd on high.  
All, all were gone! Their dying words forgotten;  
Their memories swathed in winding sheets,  
And laid away to moulder and to rot.  
No bleeding goat lay on the altar now;  
No guilty one would come and pray to be forgiven;  
No tear of gushing penitence now glisten'd in the eye;  
But Crime would come and dance with death,  
And Guilt would take its fellow's hand  
And sit and feast at sin's carnival. The maiden  
Threw away her native lovefulness, and stood  
Array'd in paint and dabs of harlotry;  
The mother's hand had torn the mother's heart away,  
And left it in the house of nameless crime!  
O! deeds of guilt were practised then  
That crime itself would blush to look upon.

I said the patriarchs were dead. Yet there was one  
Who toiled and pray'd, and wept and groan'd,  
To bring the wanderers back. Alas! 'twas vain;  
His tears fell on the ground unheeded;  
His age was mock'd; and oft precocious guilt  
Seem'd loth to let him pass in safety by.  
O'erthrew a fearful time had come in thy dark history;

Upon thy giant brow it yet recorded stands;  
Thy mountains, hills, and e'en the ocean's voice,  
Shall tell the tale of woe—  
Till thy great maker's hand shall blot them out.

The sun went down upon the isles that deck  
The sea; and, as it sunk away the preacher stood  
Upon thy mountain's top, and told again his tale of  
mercy  
He said the time had come when pardon ne'er would  
plead  
Again with plaintive voice. He heard the angel  
Of destruction coming in his car of death;  
He told them mercy's voice would cease to plead,  
That pity's fount of tears was dry.  
But no one listen'd—no one heard—  
And no one answered—save now and then a cry of  
scorn.  
Or scorned shout came rolling on the evening air.  
The man of God now turned his footsteps to his home  
Of peace. He trod the road that lay to where  
The ark was built, and entered in. His hand  
Now closed the door, and all was still  
As where the grave worms riot on the wreck of beauty.

At midnight in the tents of sin,  
A strange unearthly cry of terror came.  
The voice of mirth was hush'd—the dancers  
In the hall stood still—the bridegroom's song  
Of gladness ceas'd, with all its beauteous minstrelsy;  
The moon had hid her face as if she wept,  
And each lone star that treads its pathway  
In the skies, now veil'd its face, as if afraid  
To look. Again the sound came on the palsied ear—  
Ask ye what it meant? It was the voice  
Of vengeance coming in its iron chariot  
To tread the winepress of the world.  
A night like this the world had never seen—  
The winds that make their beds among  
The pillar'd clouds of heaven—now waked  
Their giant energies, and came as laborers  
In th' harvest field of ruin—and thunder  
Rais'd his maddening voice amid the storm;  
And lightning lit his baleful fires, to show the way  
Of death—and earthquake, that had slumber'd  
In his gloomy cave, awoke and did his work.  
O earth! thy watery grave is made and God  
Has wove thy winding-sheet of waters:  
The stars have put thy weeds of mourning on,  
And come to lay thee in thy sepulchre!

The morning dawn'd at last—  
The sun arose to meet his bride.—He look'd  
Not with a smile of holy gladness that used  
To dawn upon his golden forehead;  
No! his brow was dark and stormy,  
And the light came darting on the air,  
As flash the flames of hell upon the midnight  
Of the pit!

Alone!  
Upon the flood the ark in safety rode,  
An angel's hand was on the helm—  
The inmates of its chambers sung and pray'd;  
For God had come; and in their hearts  
Had kindled up a little heaven.

DEATH.—The whole plot of the world being contrived by infinite wisdom and goodness, we cannot but surmise that the most sad representations are a show, but the delight real to such as are not wicked and impious; and that what the ignorant call "evil" in this universe is but as shadowy strokes in a fair picture, or the mournful notes in music, by which the beauty of the one is more lively and express, and the melody of the other more pleasing and melting.—MOORE.

# O SAW YE MY MARY.

O saw ye my Ma-ry, when light as a shi-ry, She  
glides thro' the dance as on Gen-er-ous wing? She seems from earth  
spring-ing, and yet to earth cling-ing, Like Sum-mer when  
blush-ing her fare-well to Spring. O saw ye my Ma-ry, see  
a tempo.

brisk and see ai - - ry, She's win - some, she's blythe, and she's

fair as she's free; And while she is roam - ing, free sun - rise till

gloom - ing, Her heart bounds wi' light - ness, her eye beams wi' glee.

**Second Verse.**

Would you picture our meeting, our mutual fond greeting,  
 When we whisper our vows 'neath the moon's silver beam;  
 The world's richest treasure, compar'd to such pleasure,  
 Is but an illusion, a phantom, a gleam!  
 Her fair form caressing, her balmy lips pressing,  
 I yield me a captive in Love's silken chain;  
 I've a kind heaven o'er me, and rapture before me,  
 For Mary has promis'd that she'll be my ain.

## WIT AND SENTIMENT.

**HEAVY TIMBERED LANDS.**—"Is the land heavy timbered?" inquired a person of a Vermonter, who was of fering a tract of land for sale. "I vum," replied the vender, "it is a most mighty piece of land, and so heavily timbered that a humming bird cannot fly through it? As I was passing upon the road along side of it t'other evening, I heard a loud cracking and crashing among the trees, I looked to see what it was, and I'm d— if it were not the moon trying to get up through the branches, but it was so tarnation thick she could not do it; so down she went again; and I had to come home in the dark."

**ADVANTAGE OF CONFINEMENT.**—An Italian conversing with some friends on the subject of the great injury Rome had recently sustained from an inundation of the Tiber, declared that they ought all to pray for the river to be seriously indisposed in the future. Being asked for his reason, he replied, "because he does nothing, but mischief when not confined to his bed."

Voltaire defined a Physician as an unfortunate gentleman who is every day requested to perform a miracle to reconcile health with intemperance or surfeiting, but as will be seen by the anecdote subjoined, the disciples of *Æsculapius* have other duties occasionally:—

Dr. M. being sent for by a maker of universal specifics, grand salutariums, &c. up Broadway, expressed his surprise at being called in on an occasion apparently trifling. "Not so trifling neither," replied the quack; "for, to tell the truth, I have, by a mistake, taken some of my own pills."

**COMPOUNDING WITH CONSCIENCE.**—An Arab, having lost his camel, swore that if it was ever found, he would sell it for a single dirhem. The camel was found, but the owner was very unwilling to fulfil his rash oath. At length he adopted the following expedient; taking his cat he entered the market proclaiming, "Who will buy a camel for a dirhem, and a cat for a hundred dirhems? but take notice, that one animal will not be sold without the other."

A Connecticut Jonathan, in taking a walk with his dearest, came to a toll bridge, when he, as honestly as he was wont to be, said, after paying his toll. (which was one cent,) "Come, Suke, you must pay your own toll, for just as like as not I shant have you arter all."

**SOVEREIGNTY.**—A recent European traveller speaks of the little principality of Monaco, in Sardinia, as not being larger than a Kentucky farm. This reminds us of an anecdote told of George Selwin, an English ambassador to one of the minor German courts. Having given offence to the Prince, he was ordered to quit his territories in twenty-four hours. "Tell your master," was his reply to the messenger, "I shall look back to his dominions in half an hour."

**"JACK AT ALL TRADES."**—A man, in a Maryland paper, advertises and returns his sincere thanks to the public for the liberal encouragement he has received in the *wheelwright and butchering business*. He likewise takes the liberty to inform them, that he has provided himself with a *hearse* and materials for making *coffins*, and that he will be at all times ready to attend to any calls in the *shoemaking and blacksmithing business*, and that he is willing to *fill up his time in fiddling at pig shoes*.

**LAZARETTOS.**—A few centuries ago when leprosy was one of the prevailing diseases, there were more than 20,000 lazarettos in Europe alone. The following were the interdictions pronounced by the Priest, from the ritual, on any one becoming an inmate of one of these receptacles of misery:—

"I forbid thee to go abroad without thy leper's dress.

"I forbid thee to go abroad with naked feet.

"I forbid thee to pass through any narrow street.

"I forbid thee to speak to any one except against the wind.

"I forbid thee to enter any church, any mill, any fair, any market, any assembly of men whatever.

"I forbid thee to drink or wash thy hands, either in a well or a river.

"I forbid thee to handle any merchandise before thou hast bought it.

"I forbid thee to touch children, or to give them any thing."

The Priest then gave them his foot to kiss, in token of obedience.

**Pat outwitted by Patrick.**—Yesterday two specimens "of the finest piasentry upon earth," one named Pat Daly, and the other Patrick Fagan, appeared at the Mayor's Court, Pat in the witness box, and Patrick in the dock, the latter charged by the former with having robbed him of eight sovereigns. From the evidence of Pat, it appeared that he and Patrick were "sworn friends" before the matter happened, and having come on Tuesday last, to Liverpool together, they were anxious to bed and board in the same house, and accordingly, on that day they went on the discovery of suitable lodgings. In the course of their peregrination, Patrick said to Pat, "sure, man, ye'd better be after hiding the eight sovereigns, as we don't know the company we may get into." "Faith, you're a broth of a boy for thinking of the main thing," replied Pat, "but I've no need to sew them up in the back of my waistcoat." "But I have," rejoined the other, and kindly undertook the task, which, the complainant said, he tolerated him to do, and was much obliged for the favor. After performing the kind office for his friend, Patrick was suddenly missing, having wheeled round a corner. Pat was at first afraid that his countryman would be lost in the wilds of Liverpool, and, in consequence, was in a great perturbation for his fate, until at length, he fancied that the sovereigns in the back of his waistcoat felt light, and he was induced to overhaul the stitches, when, to his consternation, he discovered that his faithless friend had "rung the changes," and deposited eight shillings, instead of eight sovereigns in the waistcoat; he accordingly ran to the police and informed them of the treachery, and Patrick was apprehended on Saturday, and accommodated with lodgings in Bridewell. The case was proved, and Patrick committed.

**SMUGGLING.**—A countryman was stopped by a revenue officer, who took from him two casks of spirits, and carrying the same to the next town (a distance of fifteen miles) was desired by the countryman to stop and leave it at the first public house; the officer replied, "No, I have seized it, and it must go to the excise office." "Not so, master," said the countryman; "I have a little bit of paper here, which, if you'll take the trouble of reading, will convince you I am right." The officer, reading his bit of paper, exclaimed, "Why, you rascal, this is a permit; why did you not show it me sooner?" "Because," said he, "if I had, you would not have carried the liquor so far for me."

A little man observed, that he had two negative qualifications—which were, that he never lay long in bed, or wanted a great coat.